

HARVEST FESTIVAL, SEPT. 22 to 25.

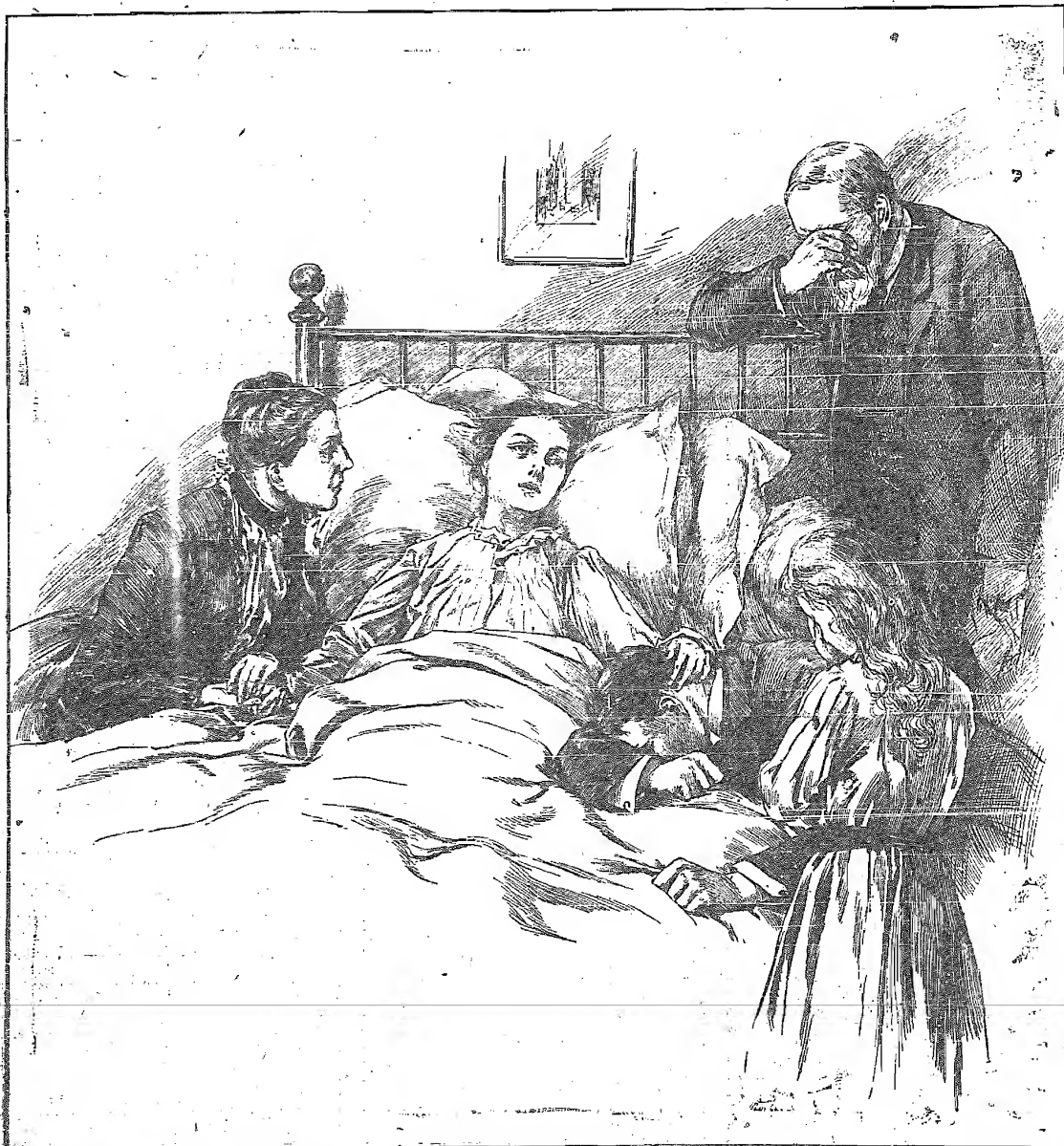
THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

22nd Year. No. 46.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1906.

Price 2 Cents.



FIGHTING HER LAST BATTLE.

(See page 2.)

Fighting Her Last Battle.

"Don't Say, 'I Hope So,' Say, 'I Will!'"

(To our frontispiece.)

Capt. K—, of H—, informs us of one of his women soldiers who has been called from earth to heaven. She left her situation in town a few days before her death, complaining of a pain in her ankle. This was thought to have arisen from a sprain, but later on the doctor pronounced her to be suffering from rheumatic fever. After a brief illness, of only a week's duration, she passed away to be with Jesus, leaving a bright and glorious testimony to the fact that she was fully prepared to stand before the throne. A little before her death she

Called Her brothers and Sisters

to her bedside, and when they had assembled in the room, she urged them to prepare to meet God, and asked them to individually promise that they would meet her in heaven. One of the brothers failed to satisfy her on the point, as he kept saying, in response to her inquiry, "Will you meet me in heaven?" "I hope so." Finally, with great earnestness, she looked at him and said,

"Don't Say, 'I Hope So,' Say, 'I Will!'"

When the assurance was given that he would do so, she rose, as best she could to

"You Never Stood in the Dark."

Bishop Whipple, the Apostle of the North American Indians, says:

"An Indian came six hundred miles to visit me in my home. As he came in at the door he knelt at my feet, and said, 'I knelt to tell you of my gratitude that you pitied the Red Man.' He then told me this simple story:

"I was a wild man, living beyond the Turtle Mountain. I knew that my people were perishing. I never looked in the face of my child that my heart was not sick. My father told me there was a Great Spirit, and I have often gone to the woods and tried to ask Him for help, and I only got the sound of my voice."

"And then the Indian looked into my face and said, 'You do not know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and took hold of nothing.'"

"One day another Indian came to my wigwam. He said to me he had heard you tell a wonderful story at Red Lake: that you said that the Great Spirit's Son had come down to earth to save all people that needed help; that the reason the white man was so much more blessed than the red man was because he had the true religion of the Son of the Great Spirit; and I said, 'I must see that man.'"

"They told me that you would be at Red Lake crossing. I came two hundred miles. I asked for you and they said you were sick, and then I said, 'Where can I see a missionary?' I came a hundred and fifty miles more, and I found the missionary was a red man, like myself. My father, I have been with him three moons. I have the story in my heart. It is no longer dark. It laughs all the while."—The Illustrated Missionary News.

Testified Before His Foreman.

Having been pleaded with nearly every Saturday night for two years before I yielded myself to God, I was naturally rather timid about taking my stand in public.

One Saturday night, a few weeks after my conversion, I went off to the open-air.

When I got to the street where the meeting was being held I noticed one of the foremen in the place where I worked standing near the ring.

Thinking that if I went amongst the soldiers this man would tell everybody in the works that I had joined the Army, I was tempted to walk about until the open-air was finished.

But, thank God, I put this cowardly suggestion from me, and going into the ring, told the people what He had done for me, and what He was willing

her knees and thanked God for His goodness to them all, praying for those in the room, and especially for the unsaved amongst them. Her dear sister, who watched over her mother as she was passing away, scarcely two years ago, seemed equal for this occasion also, and watched over the young saint with a motherly tenderness and a loving sympathy which indicate in her the true Salvationist character. The father, who was in a very weak state of health at the time, bore up wonderfully under the trial, and assured us that he was perfectly reconciled to his daughter's departure, seeing that she was such

A Godly and Consistent Lassie.

We cannot call to mind a greater marvel of grace than our promoted sister. What a charm for all present that deathbed scene must have presented! We presume that all present felt like saying, as indeed we ourselves did when reading the report, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

"If I could give you information of my life, it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God in strange and unaccustomed paths to do in His service what He has done in her. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all, and I nothing—I have worked hard, very hard, that is all; and I have never refused God anything."

—Florence Nightingale.

to do for them. The foreman, I noticed, stood and listened attentively.

Three weeks later that same man was getting off a tram-car close to the place where I had testified, when he overbalanced himself and fell from the top of the car to the street. When picked up his neck was broken.

When the news of his death reached the works on Monday, how glad I was that I did not neglect that opportunity of telling the story of salvation in his presence.—F. G., in British War Cry.

Ministering to Others at Sea.

On the journey from Australia to Canada, Mrs. Commissioner McKie had some precious opportunities of minister to those in need of prayerful sympathy.

A missionary, who was on furlough, in quest of health, succumbed to illness, leaving a widow behind, desolate indeed. Mrs. McKie was able to be of some solace and consolation to her in this unexpected and sudden bereavement at sea.

Another fellow-passenger was a drink-slave, whose excesses brought on delirium tremens. Mrs. McKie won her way by gentle insistence, prayed with him, and spoke of Jesus, until eventually he became calmer. The next day he passed away, and was buried at sea. His widow and two fatherless children then claimed her care, and after having done all she could, even sharing her cabin with them, she went ashore at Colombo and secured their entrance into the Army's Home there until the arrival of a steamer by which they could return to their friends in Australia.

What was Done with the Balance.

At 12 o'clock noon, on the steps of the City Hall, Stralford, quite a crowd gathered the other day, the event being the presentation of a clock to the foreman of one of the street gangs, by the laborers. After the clock had been presented to Mr. Reid and congratulatory speeches had been given by two or three of the men in their rough attire, the question arose as to what was to be done with a balance of £2 on hand after the clock had been bought. Someone suggested that they treat the crowd to beer, at which Bro. Burden (one of our converts) spoke up that he felt this would not be right, whereupon someone suggested it be given to the Salvation Army. The motion was quickly seconded by another and unanimously carried by the rest. It was a great victory for Bro. Burden, as it was a cross to speak up, and also shows where the hearts of the laboring classes are to-day.—Adjlt. Bloss.

"Jesus Christ, the Same."

"What was He, yesterday?"
A Friend most dear!
"Then haste thee to that Friend—
Still He is near."

"What was He, yesterday?"
A Saint and Saviour,
"Now is the time to lean—
Lean hard, to-day."

"What was He, yesterday?"
My Shepherd, kind:
"Then follow where He leads,
Pasture to find."

"What was He, yesterday?"
My guiding Light!
"He can illumine the way
No longer bright."

"What was He, yesterday?"
Saviour Divine!
"Then lay on Him, to-day,
All sins of thine."

"And if, to-day, He fills
Thy every need,
Thou canst, for evermore
Trust Him, indeed!"

—Helen Knight Wynn.

A West Indian Trophy.

By the conversion of Charles Humphrey, better known as "Dissey," the Army has made a remarkable capture in the island of St. Vincent, West Indies.

"Dissey" is a one-legged man, about forty years of age, who has been sent to prison eighty different times for quarrelling, fighting, and drunkenness. In short, he was a social pest, a continual trouble to the magistrates and police, and a disgrace to the town of Kingstown. Everybody stood in fear of him, for in his drunken frenzies he would do battle with every one he came into contact with.

It was while following this life of drunkenness and misery that Charles Humphrey got his leg broken, through a puncher of molasses falling on him. It was generally believed that the amputation of the limb would lead to his reformation, but to the dismay of his well-wishers, as soon as he got strong, and was supplied with an artificial leg, he beheld in him the same quarrelling, fighting, and "Dissey" again!

In conversation with Staff-Captain Simms, the Divisional Officer at St. Vincent, this convert related how on one occasion, when he was in need of a new wooden leg, and the relieving officer refused to supply him with one, he deliberately went from the office into the street, picked up stones, and smashed all the street lamps within reach. For this offence he was arrested and sent to prison; but before he could do his term, he had to be supplied with the leg he wanted.

"Dissey," like many others, attended the meetings night after night. He was convicted of his sins, and ultimately led to kneel at the altar and obtain forgiveness for his sins.

Needless to say, his conversion has created quite a stir in the town. One of the newspapers has indeed remarked that should the Army succeed further than to accomplish the conversion of "Dissey," it deserved the thanks of the community.

"Our comrade is now as zealous for the glory of God as he was in the service of Satan. He has been months since he knelt at the penitent's table. Grant, the officer in charge of the corps, says that he is a reliable soldier, and attends every meeting held."

Commissioner Railton in Belgium.

During his brief sojourn in Europe, between the important conferences at the Hague with the General, the Chief of the Staff, and the Foreign Secretary, Commissioner Railton has been able to visit several Belgian corps, and great blessing to officers and soldiers. His meetings were characterized with much interest, and his lectures on the missionary spirit in a marked manner.

Open-air meetings and bombardments of the sale of En Avant from house to house participated in by both Staff and Field Commissioner himself revelling in the titles of this speciality of Continental warfare. It is believed that an abundant harvest will come from the Commissioner's tour.



Staff-Captain Simms.

there were but swamp, but a years held its centre of imp the past dec place among the Province sprung up own quota of and large residences a now very n sides of the The jubile great ovent, joining in th Owen South possess two a terminus, but only so rail journey trip begins t on to Port A Here, therefo for a count is only now world at la miners, said t many ocean

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Staff-Capt. McNamara.

OWEN SOUND

A Prosperous Port and Commercial Centre in Ontario.

Situated at the southern end of Georgian Bay is the prosperous and growing town of Owen Sound, which is also a centre of a large and thriving agricultural district.

Fifty years ago there were but a few log houses in the midst of a swamp, but although the natural harbor has for years held its own enviable position as a shipping centre of importance, it has been especially during the past decade that Owen Sound has taken its place among the leading manufacturing centres of the Province. New factories have sprung up which have drawn their own quota of an industrial population, and large business blocks, beautiful residences and public buildings are now very much in evidence on all sides of the town.

The jubilee, which was of course a great event, was feted with much rejoicing in the early summer.

Owen Sound has the good fortune to possess two lines of railway, being a terminus, it is true, in both cases, but only so inasmuch as where the rail journey ends, the delightful water trip begins through the vast lakes, and on to Port Arthur and the great West. Here, therefore, is the connecting point for a country, the greatness of which is only now becoming evident to the world at large. The palatial C.P.R. liners, said to be on a par at least with many ocean greyhounds, dock, trans-

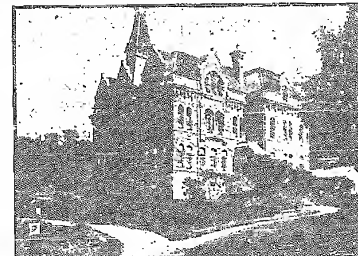
port all the accessories of up-to-date shipping facilities. Beyond them stretch a picturesque vista of green lawns, waving fields, and general vegetation.

In the town itself three large cement works, lumber mills, a cable factory, chair factory, basket, paint and tin factory, and so on, employ a large staff of labor, and are capable of extension in this direction. Busy shops, stores, and all the conveniences of a present-day commercial centre are also to be found.

The residential part of the town is at once attractive and agreeable. Long rows of shade trees, good roads and sidewalks, well-kept lawns and gardens, all add to the comfort and delight of its population, which, by the way, has so far swelled that it is now entitled to the status of a Canadian city.

Many beautiful spots and places of interest round

on the highway to ruin. By the grace of God, and through the instrumentality of the Army, he was won, and now holds an honorable position on the Town Council, and fills his place as a prominent business man and citizen. It is all to his credit that neither municipal nor heavy mercantile duties have been permitted to absorb his interest, or to



Collegiate Institute.

vean his soul away from the prosperous spiritual work amongst the children, over which he presides. He is playing a large part in shaping the future career of many a child, who later on will probably become a leader among men. His Worship the Mayor alluded to our comrade's conversion as a tribute to the Army's glorious and useful work in Owen Sound when presiding at our Commissioner's meeting there some months since.

Another Trophy.

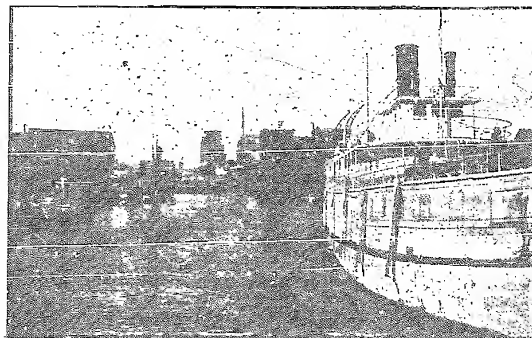
Yet another of the early trophies of the work is Recruiting-Sergt. Williams, who was also saved from a wild and dissolute life. He has been a steady and faithful soldier of the cross, and has now the pleasure and responsibility of seeing a little family grow up around him, to whom he can say, "Follow me as I follow Christ."

Sergt-Major Woolrich used to be better known as "Little Tommy." He also has fought a good fight in days gone by, and loves the colors as much as ever to-day.

The Treasurer of the corps is on the eve of entering the Training Home. War Cry readers will hear of him again. It is hoped. Once upon a time, he it known, it used to be said of him, when he returned again and again as a penitent at the form, "Poor Jack, he has got no backbone!" But one blessed day God really converted him, more than a year ago, and he has never looked back since. Well it was for him that he had sufficient stickability to come again and again to the mercy sent until he really obtained what he wanted—even at the risk of being dubbed "Penitent Form Jack."

Owen Sound has also transferred some names from the corps roll of the force militant to the forces triumphant above.

Sergt. Redfern was the flag-bearer for some time, who left behind him a green memory for faithfulness and stability. His grave-stone bears the most enviable epitaph a soldier can desire—"He died at his post."



Owen Sound Harbor.

town are also easily accessible. King's Royal Park, Eagles Falls, Matthew's Park, Leith and Indian Falls amongst the number.

The Army's History in the Town.

But to the Salvationist the Army's prospects, possibilities, and standing in a town are of the greatest moment. Owen Sound in that respect holds her own for interest and development.

The corps has the honor, which few Canadian corps possess, of having had its citadel opened by the General himself, during his visit to the Dominion in 1886. Already the Army's flag had been planted there for some two years, and many victories had been won, the building of an S. A. barracks being an evidence of this, as well as a suitable memento to the stability of the work.

To-day in Army ranks there are several comrades, soldiers of the cross, who date back their enlistment under Christ's banner to those early days. One of these is the worthy Junior Sergeant-Major, Counsellor McMillan.

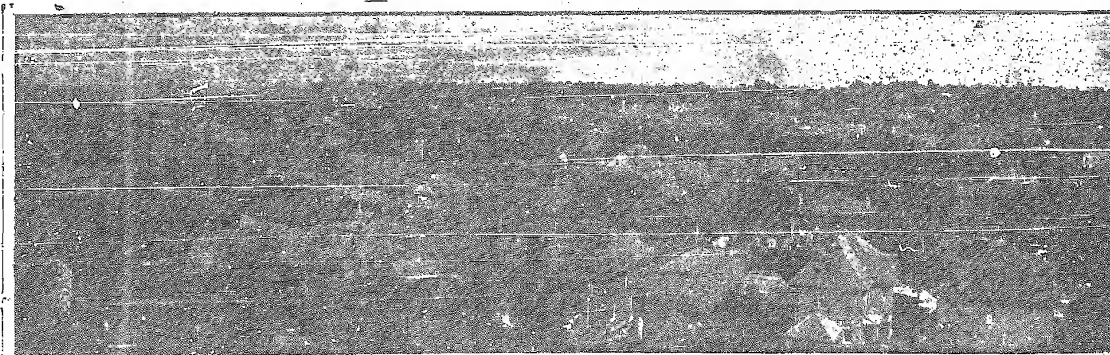
When the Army first came to the town he was a wild, careless young man, addicted to drink, and



Marine Hospital.

mit, and receive an immense amount of traffic, as well as tourists, and lovers of lake travel innumerable.

The harbor is said to be one of the best in Ontario, well sheltered, and splendidly adapted for a large amount of shipping. On the other side are extensive docks, lined with elevators, depots, and



Panorama of Owen Sound.

Amongst former officers, who have been stationed at Owen Sound and put in good apprenticeship are some worthy names. Mrs. Brigadier Southall, Mrs. Brigadier Howell, Staff-Capt. Hay, and many others did their term as F. O.'s in days gone by.

Many early-day converts have been transferred to other points of the Dominion, but this corps is amongst the number whose ranks have been considerably reinforced and strengthened through the Army's extended immigration facilities.

Staff-Capt. McNamara, who has held the bridge as District and Corps Officer for nearly two years, has been eminently successful and hospitable in receiving and fixing up family after family of English people. Many of these additions have materially helped in the reformation of a band—the Bandmaster himself to wit, being one of the welcome new-comers.

Some three years since, the barracks was remodelled and renovated, in the neighborhood of \$2,000 being spent upon it. The corps has much benefited in consequence. A neat, trim hall, well lit, ventilated, and well heated is the result, with officers' quarters and junior hall all under the same roof.

Taking it all-in-all, it is very evident that the 19th Canadian corps possesses not only a creditable record of the past, but a promising future of possibility for soul-saving.

The Jew and the Salvationist.

Interesting Tribute to the General.

It was a hot July afternoon that, seated in an easy chair, on the verandah of the Sanitarium Hotel, Bang, whither I had gone seeking health, I had a conversation with a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, which I shall not soon forget.

I had just made his acquaintance, and after a little informal conversation, I let drop that I was a Salvationist. My friend's face lit up, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, I have a great admiration for the work of the Salvation Army."

I asked his reason, and he replied that he had often stopped and listened at our open-air services, putting his money in the tambourine with the rest.

I was certainly interested to hear this, and informed my companion so. He turned to me, and with a look of intense earnestness said:

"General Booth is doing a work which none of

your churches are doing, and he is doing it well. Mind you," he went on, "I am not a Christian; I am a Jew. I do not believe in a hereafter or hell as you do; but I admire any man who does a work like your leader."

I remarked that I was sorry he did not believe in a hereafter, and I asked if Nature herself did not go to prove its reality, quoting instances. To my surprise, he said:

"I would give anything to believe in a future state, or heaven; but I am too old, and my beliefs have become fixed. Though I have faced the question often in my life, I cannot bring myself to believe as you Salvationists do."

His certainly was an open confession, and I thought of Tennyson's lines—

"There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But this was not all, for after a little further conversation he said:

"I admire your faith in God, and would not attempt to shake it in the least."

I informed him he could not very well do that now, for my beliefs, too, were settled, as I had thought everything out for myself.

"Ah," said he, "I could take the Bible, and comparing the Old Testament with the original Hebrew, could make it look a different book!"

I smiled, as I thought of the many Salvationists and lassies who, though they did not know Aleph from Tau, have yet won many desperate men and women from the paths of sin to those of righteousness. I told my friend that our Army soldiers had an experience which nothing on earth could shake. I spoke of the fullness of joy which came through being wholly consecrated to God, and said it must be experienced to be realized. I had it myself.

"Yes," said he, "you seem to have it, for you are always so cheerful."

We then got on to another phase of the subject, which brought out a remarkable tribute to our beloved General. We were talking about Jesus Christ, who my friend admitted was the finest character that ever walked this earth.

"I suppose," I suggested, "for the sake of argument, we put Christ at the lowest estimate of men, and I admit that He is the best human being that ever lived, and nothing else, do you not think that General Booth, in following the example and precepts of such a one, has done something that will stand the test of time?"

"Sir," came the reply, "Jesus Christ had only

Judea to work and preach in, and His limited. General Booth has a wider field, for he has the whole world to work in."

My companion subsequently told me that he remembered the Salvation Army from their early days, and had always admired the stand it had taken for liberty of conscience.

There is much to encourage us in our work, especially when we realize that we are being fairly watched from quarters we least expect. The result of this conversation has been to make our Salvationist at least more determined than ever to do his part faithfully as soon as he can take once more at the front.—E. Blenkarn, Regina.

WHY BANDS EXIST.

By the General.

The C. O. should understand that a band exists for the purpose of spreading salvation, and that each bandsman should feel he is using his instrument for the salvation of souls, quite as much as a soldier does when using his voice in speaking, singing, or praying. Just as the C. O. would guard against any person using his platform for the purpose of showing off his abilities, so in like manner he must guard against his band playing merely for the purpose of showing off themselves or their music. On the other hand, just as he has no fault with himself or others for wishing and trying to speak as clearly and plainly and directly as possible, so he must find no fault, but, on the other hand, praise his band for wishing to play salvation music as it is written, in the best possible manner.

Brigadier Howell in England.

A note from Brigadier Howell, from the great International hub, says: "You will be interested to know I had a very quick passage across the Atlantic—only six days. The 'Empress of Ireland' is certainly a 'palace at sea.' One could not realize, while sitting in the music room or parlors of the ship, that one was anywhere near the Atlantic Ocean. I arrived in London on Friday, and have been very kindly received by all. I have already had an interview with the General, and am to see the Chief later. I expect also to have the honor of spending a day with the General's party on the Motor Campaign. I trust all is going well."



THE GENERAL AND SOME OF HIS GRAND-CHILDREN.

The half-circle from right to left is comprised of Olive Booth, Mose Booth-Tucker, Mary Booth, Bernard Booth, Miriam Booth, Kris Booth-Tucker, Dora Booth, and Mina Booth-Tucker. The four centre children are (top): Lincoln Booth-Tucker and Wycliffe Booth; (bottom) Myron and Muriel Booth-Tucker.



International

UNITED K

The Army's 41st anniversary by a striking service of British Territory; a few in place, but the next week rising tide of salvation, joy forces of the Training Te in the great Assembly Hall London, on Monday evening of Commissioner Howard. ing, and, despite the excess was intense.

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The Social Work in every way. Nearly all and, according to the assistance which we are part of our operations hearts of all, and influ whole nation.

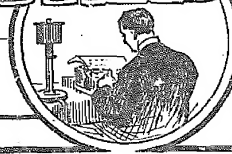
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Some remarkable c ported from the Men's the converts is a divor a Salvationist at Le H bravely and earning th During Commissioner

THE ARMY'S WORLD-WIDE FIELD

By Cable or Steam Packet



International Notes.

UNITED KINGDOM.

The Army's 51st anniversary is to be celebrated by a striking service of festivals throughout the British Territory; a few indeed have already taken place, but the next week or two will witness a rising tide of salvation, joy, and thanksgiving. The forces of the Training Territory rejoiced together in the great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, East London, on Monday evening, under the presidency of Commissioner Howard. It was a gigantic gathering, and, despite the excessive heat, the enthusiasm was intense.

Commissioner Ralston left London on Thursday upon a return visit to Japan, preceding by a month or two the arrival of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Byers, at present in charge of the Eastern Province, who have been appointed to the Japanese command upon promotion. The Army's prospects in the Far East were never brighter than at present. Colonel and Mrs. Bullard, after six and a half years' command, are under farewell orders.

Commissioner Rees, of Sweden, and Commissioner Bstull, of Holland, have been visiting at International Headquarters during the past week.

Another visitor at the Head Centre is Brigadier Howell, who has arrived from Canada to make preliminary arrangements with Colonel Lamb for the anticipated rush of Army emigrants in 1907.

GERMANY.

Commissioner Nicol has recently paid a flying visit to Hamburg, and held very successful meetings, twenty-seven souls seeking mercy.

The increasing friendliness of the Government towards the Army, not only in Prussia, but also in many of the other States, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. Officers and soldiers alike are now privileged to go into the forests, and other places of public assembly, and conduct meetings without let or hindrance. Open-air meetings are now becoming regular around and about Berlin, and fine crowds are attracted.

The Social Work in Germany is progressing in every way. Nearly all the institutions are full, and, according to the latest report to hand, the assistance which we are able to render through this part of our operations is working its way into the hearts of all, and influencing more and more the whole nation.

FRANCE.

St. Jean du Gard, a post situated in the mountains of the Cevennes, is just now the scene of a real Army revival. For a long time the place was spiritually dead and lifeless, but as a result of vigorous open-air bombardments, War Cry booming, and café visiting, the district has been stirred, and much interest is now centred in the Army and its work.

In the Audincourt Post, in the Jura Mountains, the C. O. has organized regular visits with his soldiers to distant places hitherto untouched by the Army, with the result that souls have been converted, new friends secured, and soldiers encouraged. In the St. Maurice District the inhabitants were so eager to purchase the "En Avant" that in a few minutes every copy was sold.

Some remarkable cases of conversion are reported from the Men's Hotelierie in Paris. One of the converts is a divorced man, whose wife became a Salvationist at Le Havre some time ago, fighting bravely and earning the bread of her four children. During Commissioner Cosandey's last visit to Havre

he was informed that the husband, furious that she would not rejoin him, had sworn that he would kill her. The Commissioner visited him, pointed out to him the sin and folly of his conduct, and counselled him to reform and seek salvation, which he promised to do. He entered the Men's Shelter, became soundly converted, and since donned full uniform, and it is hoped that in the near future he will be re-married at Havre and enjoy a new period of real happiness with his wife and family.

INDIA.

A striking case of conversion is reported from Madras. Recently, at one of the Army halls, while the first prayer was being offered up, an English gentleman in Mahomedan costume came to the penitent form. He was dealt with and professed conversion. It turns out that he went to India when a boy with his father, who was an engineer employed in the East India Railway. After being fairly well educated, he took up work of the same nature, and eventually became a Government contractor. Some fourteen years ago he embraced Mahomedanism, took a Mahomedan name, put on a Mahomedan dress, and eventually became attached to a Mahomedan firm. It seems difficult when talking to him to understand how he remained so long in error. He now admits having made a terrible mistake. In spite of the continual suggestions made to him to marry a Mahomedan girl, he steadfastly refused, and longed to break away, but was too much entangled and committed to the firm to make the effort such a step involved. He was only allowed about Rs. 80 per month, and this a servant drew and spent for him, so that he was kept practically without money, and watched, and sometimes locked up. He has, however, at last broken through, and is free. Until his conversion he had not put on English dress for fourteen years. He is well known to some of our friends, who say they have prayed for his conversion for a long time past.

ITALY.

A young sailor engaged on a torpedo boat at Spezia is one of the Army's most recent converts at Milan. He read the General's "Call to Arms," in the "Grido," the Army's weekly publication in Italy, and wrote to Headquarters. Then the corps officer looked him up, with the result that he has become truly converted and is testifying amongst his comrades. He has expressed a wish to give his life to the salvation war.

A fortnight's salvation campaign is to be held in the Waldensian Valleys, the object being to wake up the French-speaking Protestant population, which has given the Army some good officers in the past, and to reach the visitors who come for the summer from the Italian towns.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Richards' most recent tour in the north has been prolific of much success, particularly at the corps in and about Johannesburg. Special efforts were put forth to secure Candidates for officership, with the result that, when only a little more than half through the tour, ten had already given in their applications.

At Vrededorf, our latest opening of the Rand, the Commissioner had a specially interesting time.

The Winter Campaign is progressing most satisfactorily throughout the Territory. A telegram from Kimberley states that during a recent week-end twenty-nine came to the penitent form, and five Candidates were secured for officership.

Lieut.-Colonel Pearce, the Chief Secretary, has been giving evidence before a Parliamentary Commission, which is sitting at Cape Town, to collect information regarding the class known as "poor

whites"—that is to say, the class of people found among the destitute who are not connected with the ordinary floating population, but rather farmers and farm workers, who, for various reasons, have left the country and joined the ranks of the unemployed in the towns, or who, though still living in the country districts, are more or less poverty-stricken. The object of the Commission is to devise some means of dealing with the present difficulty. A number of questions were asked concerning the Army's Social Farm at Rondebosch, the work in connection with which is viewed with much sympathy by the Cape Government.

Mrs. Commissioner Richards visited the Women's Jail at Cape Town on a recent Sunday and conducted the usual weekly service. The meeting was an exceptionally good one, and before the close thirteen of the prisoners sought salvation.

A Glimpse of the Army's Work in Java.

Java is a Dutch Colony, and is garrisoned by volunteer soldiers from Holland, who, besides their pay, receive about \$125 when they sign for six years' service in the East. If they remain fifteen years they get a pension. A most encouraging number of these men have lately been won for God at Semarang, where we have a Military Home as well as a corps. Some of these converts were notorious sinners, and after their conversion nearly all of them have made very real sacrifices for God.

At Batavia also a good number of soldiers have been converted, although the Army hall is quite six miles from the military barracks. These men came to love the Army meetings so much that they frequently walked that distance to and from the hall. Now the converted men have rented a house and turned it into an Army Home. Brigadier Van Rossum, the Territorial Commander, hopes soon to appoint an officer to take charge of this promising work.

Amongst the military converts at Batavia there is a non-commissioned officer whose term of service expires in May next. Our comrade then intends to enter our Training Home, with a view to devoting his life as an Army officer amongst the Javanese.

There are two Chinese corps in Java, where our officers are working with considerable success amongst the traders and artisans who have emigrated from the Celestial Empire. At both these corps there is a number of Chinamen who are now enthusiastic Salvationists, living and testifying for God among their fellow-countrymen.

At six different centres throughout the island our officers are carrying on a splendid soul-saving work amongst the Javanese themselves. Just before Brigadier Van Rossum left for a visit to England he swore in thirty Javanese converts at one corps, while at Rego-Moelo, which was opened only in January of this year, ten converted Javanese are waiting to be publicly enrolled as soldiers. Amongst them is the ex-"doerah," or Mayor of the place, a man who gambled away all his property, but is now with his wife soundly converted.

The Social Work is also in a flourishing state, from two hundred to three hundred poor natives, most of whom are suffering from sickness or wounds, being constantly housed and cared for at the institution in Semarang.

In Java the Salvation Army is held in the highest esteem by the ruling authorities, the European public, and the natives. Quite recently the Government decided to supply to every Army field officer, free of charge, all necessary medicine and appliances for treating the sick, besides the books and other requirements, with the exception of furniture, needed in the native schools connected with our various corps throughout the island.



Young People's Page

PILOTS.

Their Duties and Their Powers.

To be a pilot a man must serve, first, two years before a mast, then six years as an apprentice on a pilot boat, then one or two years as a pilot with an eighteen-foot boat license, allowing him to pilot boats of a draught not exceeding eighteen feet; then one or two years with a twenty-two foot license. Usually twelve years pass before a pilot gets a full license.

Then and Now.

In the old days it was each pilot for himself, and poverty for the hindmost. Then, on shore or at sea, the pilot, like an actor or a free lance reporter, had to hustle for an engagement. At sea, he who first saw a ship got a job. When a very big steamer was expected, he thought nothing of going as far as the banks of Newfoundland from New York, in order to be the first to sight the greyhound. Sometimes two pilot boats sighted a vessel at the same time, and then—what a race! On shore the pilot had to go from captain to captain, office to office, till he got a vessel to take out; and when at last he did go out, his coming in was a matter of any time from a day to a month or more.

To-day, pilots are not competitors, except in little out-of-the-way places, or in countries where no one has yet brought them into an organized body. That he will get a boat is no longer a pilot's chance, but a certainty. In New York alone there are one hundred and six pilots, and every one in turn gets an "out" boat, and then an "in" boat. Instead of each pilot pocketing the entire fee, as in the old days, the fees are pooled, and, after expenses are paid, the profits are divided among all. It no longer matters whether a pilot gets a large steamer or a small one, a liner or a tramp, he makes just as much for himself.

The Pilot's Power.

Aboard ship a pilot is in supreme power, unless a captain happens to choose to take his ship in himself. On such rare occasions, instead of retaining his post by force and coming to blows, the pilot steps to one side, and then the whole responsibility rests upon the captain, just as at sea. Only with the captain instead of the pilot in command, if an accident happens, the owners will not get a cent of insurance. The pilot, on the other hand, is the representative of the marine insurance companies and acts for them. When a ship comes to grief with the pilot at the helm, the insurance holds good.

As a rule, ship captains sigh with relief when the pilot steps on the bridge. He has brought his ship through a hurricane, perhaps, but the placid waters of a harbor, which to the passenger seem so harmless, are full of menace and terrors for the captain.

The passenger finds it hard to realize the presence of dangers he cannot see; but the captain knows there the rocks and bars unseen beneath those waters. The pilot knows the geography of that unseen harbor better than he knows it as if he had traversed every inch of it in a diver's suit. That's what he was learning during those twelve years of probation, and that's why his services are worth something like from thirty to forty dollars an hour.

The Pilot's Fee.

The charge for pilotage is according to the vessel's draught. The Deutschland, of the Hamburg-American Line, for instance, draws thirty feet, at \$185 a foot. In winter four dollars extra is added to the total charge. It should be added that the outgoing rate is less than the inward; the Deutschland, for instance, going out is charged only \$106.50, or at the rate of \$3.55 per foot of draught, while the total charge for bringing her in is \$146.40.

Sometimes on outgoing vessels the pilot misses the take-off boat, and he is carried to sea, willy-nilly, and has to make the voyage to Europe and back, the owner of the vessel carrying him having to pay \$100 per month for the time he is away. Again, when a vessel is detained, with a pilot, at quarantine, or by ice, the owners must pay the pilot three dollars a day during detention.

So, though the pilot's life is accompanied by risks and dangers and long watchings, yet no doubt they feel amply compensated by the high rate of pay which their twelve years' training has enabled them to command.

SYRIAN WATER WHEELS.

The people of Syria and Tiflis make their streams do things of which we do not seem to have learned how to utilize the secret. At Tiflis, for instance, the natives have learned how to utilize the power of the current of the River Kuir without building dams. What they have accomplished probably might be done by any farmer living on the banks of a rapidly-moving stream and desiring a small, cheap power.

The Caucasians build floats on the surface of the river. Into them are set water-wheels. The whole affair is fastened to the bank in such a way that it will rise and fall with any change in the level of the surface of the river, so that the power is about constant all the time.

In Hama, the ancient "entering in of Hamath," the Syrians have accomplished a feat that makes one think of lifting one's self over a fence by tugging at one's foot-strap. They have harnessed the historic Orontes, or Nahriel Aul, as the Syrians call it, into the work of lifting itself many feet, and trained it thus to water their fruitful gardens and orchards.

The water-wheels which do this work are of gigantic dimensions. Standing by one of these frames revolving on its wooden axle, and looking up at its perimeter forty feet above, it seems large; but one is astonished when he turns his gaze upstream to see one looming up in the distance sixty feet in height. Even then he is not prepared for the spectacle of one ninety feet in diameter, grunting around on its cumbrous axle just outside the town.

An eminent physician asserts that rheumatism can be cured by a plentiful diet of ripe fruit.

Denmark's Kings for 344 years have all been named Christian or Frederick. It is the law of Denmark that Christian must be succeeded by Frederick and Frederick by Christian. To attain this every Danish Prince, no matter what other names he may receive, always has Christian and Frederick among them.

BACK TO PALESTINE.

Gradual Return of Jews to Their Land of Old.

The influx of Jews into Palestine during the last few months has been remarkable writes a Jerusalem correspondent.

Some weeks ago about 5,000 Jewish immigrants from Russia and the Balkan States landed at Jaffa. They will settle in the plain of Sharon, round the towns of Ramleh and Lydda, and in other Jewish colonies along the sea coast.

A few days ago some Jewish financiers made a trip to the region east of the Jordan, in the direction of Kerek. They saw the land, and were highly satisfied with its fertility and the nature of its soil. They are willing to colonize the district but are rather suspicious of the neighboring Arab tribes, who are averse to any permanent settlement being effected in their midst.

I believe that the Jews are in communication with the Government on the subject, and against the latter give them sufficient guarantee of protection against the raids of their neighbors. The sale of large tracts will soon be completed.

It is a noteworthy fact that some of the most fertile districts of Palestine are possessed by Jewish colonists. The Jews are repossessing the land by degrees, and should this quick rate of possession continue, the whole country will in a few years belong entirely to them.

The large towns are nearly equidistant in the land. They average about twenty miles from each other.



A Perilous Moment in the Life of a Pilot.

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"HOT SAINTS."

"I would thou wert cold or hot."

By the Late Mrs. General Booth.

Why does God like people to be hot in His service? For the same reason that we like people to be hot in ours. We have no confidence in half-and-half, fast-and-loose friends, luke-warm adherents, who in times of danger wait to see which way the wind blows before they commit themselves to our views or interests—servants who will serve us while at the same time they can serve themselves, but the moment our interests and theirs appear to clash, will leave us to our fate. We like thorough, whole-hearted, all-length friends, and to such only do we confide our secrets or trust our important enterprises. We may use the half-hearted as far as they serve our purpose, but we have no confidence in them, no heart-fellowship with them, no joy over them; we would rather they were hot or cold, out-and-out friends or foes.

Read in your own heart and mind, in this respect, a transcript of His, and see the reason why He says, "I would thou wert cold or hot."

I want you to note two or three characteristics of hot saints, so that you may know whether you belong to the number.

To be hot implies the possession of—

I.—Light.

Hot saints have a halo about them that they reveal—make manifest—in others. They do this, first, by contrast. "What fellowship hath light with darkness?"

The light of God, flashed from a hot saint on the dark consciences of sinners, makes them feel their sin, misery, and danger, and, if they will receive it, leads to their conversion. It "opens their eyes," and, if they will follow it, leads them to Jesus.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did." "Ye are the light of the world." If sinners reject this light their rejection seals their sin upon them, and renders their condemnation double. "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." What a fearful responsibility rests on all sinners who are brought into contact with saints who are filled with the light of God. Some of you here are living under this light. How are you using it? Beware!

Secondly, light reveals sin by antipathy: "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, lest his deeds should be reproved."

The presence of a certain degree of spiritual light must produce either repentance or opposition.

A dark soul cannot dwell in the presence of a soul full of light without either repenting or opposing; if it does not submit it will rebel.

It was under the hot blaze of this light that the Jews round about Stephen "were cut to the heart and gnashed upon him with their teeth." The effect of his light on their darkness was to reveal their enmity and scorch them into a fury of opposition.

When intense spiritual light and darkness are brought in contact, their innate antipathy makes them reveal each other. The devil could not endure the presence of Jesus without crying out, "I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God."

How is it with you in this respect? Can you get along with dark souls without eliciting their enmity? If so, depend upon it, you have not much light—not that light which accompanies great heat. If you don't want to be speeded out of the mouth of God see to it that you get it.

Thirdly, light reveals sin by reproof. Hot saints will "rebuke their neighbor and not suffer sin upon him." They are full of zeal for the glory of God and jealousy for His honor, and it breaks their hearts because men keep not His law. They know that they have the light of life, and they feel that they must hold it up over the wrong-doing, deception, and hypocrisy of their fellow-men in order to "open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light."

You never hear them apologizing for sin, or calling it by smooth names; they feel towards sin, in their measure, as God feels towards it. It is the abominable thing which they hate, and there-

fore they cannot in any case allow it, pander to it, or excuse it.

Hot saints will mercilessly turn the blazing lamp of God's truth on the conscience of the sinner, with reproof—pungent, pointed, and personal, such as Nathan gave to David, Jehu to Jehoshaphat, or Jesus to the Jews.

II.—Purity.

Heat cleanses, purges away dross, destroys noxious vapors; so the burning fire of the Holy Ghost purifies the soul, which is filled, permeated with it; hence, hot saints are pure. Their garments are white; they keep themselves unspotted from the world. They improve the moral atmosphere wherever they go. Their very presence reproves and holds in check the unfruitful works of darkness, and sinners feel as Peter felt when he said, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

III.—Pungency.

Heat burns; hot saints set on fire the hearts of other saints. They sing the consciences of sinners, burn the fingers of Pharisees, melt the hearts of backsliders, and warm up those who have left their first love.

IV.—Power.

Hot saints are mighty. The Spirit is not given by measure unto them. They may not be very intellectual, or learned, but their heat makes more impression on the hearts of sinners and stirs more opposition from hell than all the intellect and learning of a whole generation of lukewarm professors. The fishermen of Galilee produced more impression on the world in three years than all the learning of the Jewish doctors had done in centuries, because they were hot in the love and service of God.

Hot saints are more than a match for their enemies. Satan himself is afraid of them. "Paul I know," said he; yea, and he knows and fears all such. Wicked men cannot stand before them; the power of their testimony cuts them to the heart, and makes them either cry out, "What must we do to be saved?" or, "Away with Him! Away with Him!" Hot people are not only able to work, but to suffer. They can endure hardness, suffer reproach, contend with principalities and powers, fight with wild beasts, hail persecution and death!

Y.—To be hot insures opposition—first, from Pharisees; they look with contempt on hot people, troublemakers of Israel, disturbers of the peace of the church, occasions of reproach to the respectable part of the church. The Pharisees were the bitterest enemies of Him who said, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten Me up," and they are still the bitterest enemies of those who are filled with His Spirit.

It matters not that they have now a Christian creed instead of a Jewish; the spirit is the same, and will not tolerate "God manifest in the flesh." A formal, ceremonious, respectable religion they do not object to; but a living, burning, enthusiastic Christianity is still Beelzebub—to them.

Secondly. To be hot insures opposition from the world. The world hates hot saints, because they look with contempt on its pleasures, set at naught its customs and maxims, trample on its ambition and applause, ignore its rewards, abjure its spirit, and live altogether above its level—"Because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

It can tolerate warm religionists—rational, decent people, who appreciate this world as well as the next, and can see how to make the best of it; but these "hot," "pestilent," "mad," "fools," who obtrude their religion everywhere, who are at everybody about their souls, who are always talking about God, death, judgment, heaven, and hell—"Away with them, they are not fit to live!"

Thirdly. To be hot insures opposition from the devil. Oh, how he hates these hot saints; what trouble he takes to trip them! He knows they are worth it. Many a council is held in hell over these; they set fire to his standing corn; they rout his best trained legions; they shake the foundations of his throne; they take the prey out of

his very jaws, they pull it out of his fires. He must do something; he sets his principalities and powers to work on them. Loose and feeble fiends will do for lukewarm people; but these he must take in hand himself, and try all the guile and force of his gigantic intellect on them. He troubles them on every side; and at last, when God permits, he has their heads off. He got Paul's; but they defy him even when they are between his teeth; he cannot swallow them; they escape out of his very jaws to Glory, and who knows the mischief they work his kingdom up there? Hallelujah! Our arch enemy is a conquered foe. Let me remind you in conclusion, that to be hot ensures God's spiritual favor, protection, and fellowship, and our final victory. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Whereas to be lukewarm is to be speeded out of His mouth, which indicates special dislike, disgrace, and final abandonment.

Which will you be, hot or lukewarm?

"The Will of God."

Henry Clay Turnbull, in dealing with the subject, "The Will of God," presents some beautiful and inspiring thoughts. He says, "God's will is not so much a thing to which we should submit as a thing in which we should glory. It is not a rod beneath which we must bow, but a flag which we must follow. It is the one hopeful, glad, and glorious thing in this world."

"We are too apt to think of the petition, 'Thy will be done,' as one only to be placed on tombstones, and mingled with sighs, when it is rather our battle-cry of freedom, our cheer for hope and progress. There is no glad, good humor in all the world, in any day of any single life, but that is the will of God being done. The triumphs, the successes, the hopes, the joys—these are the will of God. There is, indeed, a sense in which they are far more the will of God than the burdens, the tears, the failures, in which are mingled much of the fruit of the feeble, frail, and faulty will of man."

"Let this prayer, then, ring in our anthems; let us shout it in our praises, let us cherish it in our hearts as our exceeding confidence and our great joy: 'Thy will, O God, be done.'"

Women's Thoughts for Women.

Gathered by Jonah.

Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift, it may or it may not have fallen to our share; as a grace, we are bound either to possess or acquire it.

Our heaven must be within ourselves,
Our home and heaven the work of faith;
So faith shall build the boundary wall,
And hope shall paint the secret bower,
And deep foundations must be laid—
And these are love.

Have no desire to be pointed out to the children of men—save as a woman who believes, and prays, and loves.

Take care not to burden your day with more than its share.

Human spirits are only to be drawn and held together, by the loving bond of having found something in which they really agree.

The Christian is one who in work and life and prayer "strengthens herself" for the sake of many.

It is good to be attracted out of ourselves, to be forced to take a near view of the sufferings, the privations, the efforts, and difficulties of others.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toll or pain;
Sow, and look upward, onward—
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

She never found a fault with you, never implied Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side Grow nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.

Note.—Colonel Gaskin's series of articles on the absorbing question, "Can I Be Holy?" will be continued next week.



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Important Staff Farewells.

PROVINCIAL OFFICERS SAY GOOD-BYE—
OTHER PROSPECTIVE CHANGES.

Instructions have been issued during the past week to various Provincial Officers to farewell, and already good-bye tours are being announced.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, of the Eastern Province, will farewell after five years' sojourn on the Atlantic Coast, in the Maritime Provinces.

Brigadier Turner will also say good-bye to East Ontario, where he has spent a very long period in successful warfare.

Brigadier Hargrave, of West Ontario, has likewise received marching orders, and is now on the wing, busy with the necessary preparations.

The date fixed for these changes is Sunday, Aug. 26th, and the actual departure for new battlefields will take place during the following week.

The Army is a wonder to the people of to-day, through the readiness of its officers to obey orders and follow the path of duty. The spirit of devotion and sacrifice is strong within the ranks. Glory be to God.

Other changes are rumored, but no definite information is yet to hand for publication. Pray that the farewell meetings of these comrades may be greatly owned and blessed by God.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

A striking item of news will be found in the columns of the Cry this week, viz., the farewell announcement of three prominent Staff Officers—the P. O's of the Eastern Canadian Province. This information will cause a mild sensation in the Provinces affected, as the next months will be very busy ones for these dear comrades.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp has spent over five years in the Maritime Provinces, and previously another five years in Newfoundland, a decade east of Quebec, among the hardy Newfoundlanders, Nova Scotians, and New Brunswickers. To say he is well known is to put it mildly; he is also well loved and trusted. Mrs. Sharp has been a true helpmeet.

Brigadier Turner has spent considerably over five years in the East Ontario Province, and is much respected. He has put up a good fight in a hard field; his familiar figure will be missed when he has departed. He also is blessed with a warrior's life.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave have spent a long term in West Ontario, and have stuck to the fight with determination and zeal. A letter is already to hand from an officer regretting their departure. May God abundantly bless them in their farewell meetings.

A letter from Brigadier Collier contains the pleasing news that his rest has proved beneficial beyond his expectations in restoring him to health, inasmuch that he will be ready for work on Sept. 1st. This will be welcome news to his many friends.

Commissioner Railton is with us, and according to the report found in another column, had a good beginning in Montreal to his Canadian tour on Sunday, Aug. 4th. The Commissioner has preserved in a remarkable degree his simplicity of heart, sincerity of purpose, and manifest love for the souls of the people.

He was the General's first Private Secretary, has been an officer nearly thirty-four years, the last twenty-two have been spent in a large measure outside of Great Britain. He has served in South and West Africa, South America, the U.S.A., and

Commissioner Railton in Montreal

Fighting it Out on a Hot Sunday—A Good Reception—The Chief Secretary Assists.

The "Ottawa" steamship landed Commissioner Railton safely at Montreal on Friday, Aug. 2nd. This was his first visit to the chief city of Quebec Province, and naturally inspired considerable interest.

The Commissioner is a much-traveled man, having visited nearly every country in Europe, and pioneered the Army's work in some capacity or other in most of them, but Montreal had its own peculiar interest.

First French Fight.

The first engagements were in connection with the French corps. The Commissioner is a fluent French speaker and spoke for a considerable time in the open-air to a French audience. In the hall a good meeting was held—a great encouragement to the French officers.

A Knee-Driller.

On Sunday morning the Commissioner was up betimes, ready for knee-drill; in fact, he was one of the first to arrive at 7 a.m. Old King Sol at this early hour was shining threateningly his intentions and bespeaking a hot day.

At 9.30 Commissioner Railton was off to the open-air, conspicuous in his red guernsey, and was soon talking in English and French to the crowd. The open-air work in Montreal is excellent, and the Army is accorded the best facilities.

The holiness meeting was simple and full of spirit. The Commissioner commented frequently upon the freedom and liberty shown in both testimony and prayer. His own address was very pointed, practical, and convincing. The Chief Secretary led the consecration meeting, and a number surrendered.

Shady Corners and Cool Spots.

The afternoon was very hot—almost unbearable. It was only 88 in the shade, but the humidity was intense, and a perspiring people sought shady corners and sequestered nooks hunting for cool spots. Not so the Salvationists. Sun or no sun, the brave Montrealites marched out to proclaim the purity and power of salvation. The Commissioner led one open-air, the Chief Secretary another, each being surrounded by a good crowd of people.

Waving Fans and Crying Babies.

The afternoon meeting yielded results. It was fought through discomfort and distraction, perspiration, waving fans, crying babies, and what not; still a number knelt at the penitent form at its close—the best criterion of success from an Army standpoint. It was composed of testimonies, solos,

nearly every country in Europe where the flag flies. His return visit to Japan is being made in connection with important advances, in addition to the introduction of the new Japanese commander, Colonel Byers.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are enjoying their brief change from the front of the battle, and it will be very acceptable news to many that much benefit is being derived by them. The Commissioner has planned a large program for the fall and winter campaign and will need much strength to carry it out. Pray for our honored leaders in Canada.

The next session of the Training College will commence in the middle of next month, and Candidates are now preparing to enter for their training as officers. We are unfortunately short of female Candidates; twenty more are needed to complete the complement. Will young women, prompted by the Spirit of God, apply at once to the Provincial Officers, so that their entrance may be insured for the coming session. We are depending upon those who have promised to come making strenuous efforts to be present on time.

The next campaigns to engage the attention of everyone will be the Harvest Festival and the Universal Holiness Campaign. The former is especially applicable to Canada, where the goodness

duets, and another practical salvation address by the Commissioner.

Collection from Above.

The march at night was large, and crowds thronged the open-air. The Commissioner spoke in French and English for the third time that day. The audience was typical Salvation Army—the hackmen sat on their seats; buggies rolled up; the windows of a great tenement house were thrown open, and people everywhere listened. The collection came, gladly, from all sides and above, being thrown from upper windows, wrapped in paper or otherwise protected. The march to the hall was delightful.

Obstreperous Fire Engines.

Inside the heat was still more oppressive. The fans waved by the sisters gave a restless appearance to the audience, but who could complain in the stifling atmosphere. The meeting, however, did not dawdle or hang fire; by no means, it was an hour of bright, hard-hitting, fighting amid many difficulties. In addition to the heat the fire engines were out rushing past the hall, changing bells, enough to suggest that half the city was burning—escape for your life. When this had subsided large rail-drops could be heard pattering on the roof, to drown the speaker's voice. The Commissioner delights in a fight and triumphed over all. The audience remained to pray, and a number of seekers knelt at the cross—a delightful sequel.

The heat wave continued on Monday; even a one-time Australian felt its effects and objected to being compelled to perspire continually with only 88 degrees Fahrenheit. It lasted until evening, but it did not prevent a large gathering of Salvationists, a spacious open-air ring, and thronged sidewalks. The Commissioner spoke again in both French and English. Inside the heat affected numbers, although the audience was good, and—needless to say—again fortified with fans. The Commissioner complimented the Montrealites as fighters; he was evidently pleased, and Sunday and Monday in Montreal will not easily be forgotten by him. His last address was most interesting, its subject, "Salvation and War," being illustrated by facts from Japan and Java. The penitent form scenes at the close gladdened all hearts. The Chief Secretary, who conducted all the after-meetings, had to leave at 10 p.m. to catch the night train for Toronto. The last word he heard was from a soldier who followed him to the door to communicate that "two more souls had just surrendered." Those were about twenty-five seekers for the week-end—some had been registered in every meeting. Glory be to God!

of God is so manifestly shown by millions of bushels of wheat, and fruit in abundance. The latter campaign is essential. Holiness unto the Lord is the source of strength in the Christian life, and has unquestionably been the motive power of the Salvation Army. We anticipate with pleasure the opportunities these campaigns will afford for desperate fighting for God.

A Change of Leadership in the Army in Japan.

After six-and-a-half years' command of our first in Japan, Colonel and Mrs. Bullard are under the well orders. Some of the striking results of their faithful and devoted toil in the "Land of the Rising Sun" are well known to our readers, and are frequently been referred to in these columns.

Under their leadership great advance has been made in many directions, and the Army's prospects in the Far East were never brighter than at present.

As successors to Colonel and Mrs. Bullard in the command of Japan, the General has appointed Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Byers, at present in the East of the Eastern Province in England.

Colonel Robert Byers has had a long and rich experience as an officer. It is over twenty years since he became a Candidate-Lieutenant, at home, at Carlisle, for the field.

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The General captiv women by his recent comparatively small Jarrow. At both places of vociferous street ple turning out to hallelujahs as he passed.

The chief citizens, clippers vied with each other in appreciative remarks, his addresses, which best.

"His out-spokenness special, 'may be' speaking of the sacraments: 'These but an abomination tence!'

"His facts were irresistible. It was ants of Blaydon were platform in this str out of it fashion: and far from resenting th and admired its fail

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THE GENERAL At Blaydon and Jarrow.

The General captivated the hearts of men and women by his recent week-night visits to two comparatively small northern towns, Blaydon and Jarrow. At both places his arrival was the occasion of vociferous street welcomes, hundreds of people turning out to greet him with hurrahs and hallelujahs as he passed by.

The chief citizens, Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors vied with each other in their hearty and appreciative remarks, both before and after hearing his addresses, which are described as among the best.

"His outspokenness," says the British War Cry special, "may be judged by his remark, when speaking of the church, with its ceremonies and sacraments: 'These are beautiful when a reality, but an abomination and stink when only a pretence!'"

"His facts were startling; his appeals well-nigh irresistible. It was clear that the leading inhabitants of Blaydon were not often faced from the platform in this straight, personal, and no-getting-out-of-it fashion; and it is to their credit that so far from resenting the truth, they appreciated it, and admired its faithful ambassador."

Demonstrating God.

"The General stands to us for much more than the Salvation Army," said Mr. A. Skidmore. "It is given to only a few men and women to think great thoughts, but I cannot imagine a greater thought ever having been conceived in the heart of man than the conception of the Salvation Army. Why do the criminals and outcasts say, 'Send us to the Salvation Army?' The simple reason is that the General has demonstrated that there is a God."

The Army in Jarrow.

Jarrow's first acquaintance with the Salvation Army, twenty-eight years ago, was in the person of Captain (now Colonel) Lawley. He had a rough time of it, and on a certain Friday night he had only one woman convert to assist him in the open-air encounter upon a waste plot of ground opposite the Mechanics' Hall. There was a tremendous crowd around. When Johnny Lawley got on his knees they surged upon him. This Jesus, however got behind his back, took hold of his collar with her left hand, put her knee against his back, and with clenched fist over his head, cried to the crowd, "Touch him if you dare!"

She was one too many for them, for nobody dared, and it was not long before the pioneer Captain had won their hearts and built up a flourishing corps.

On the present occasion of the General's visit the Presbyterian Church was kindly placed at his disposal, and the Mayor, who acted as chairman, declared it was "without doubt the largest congregation he had ever seen assembled at Jarrow." A list of seven Justices of the Peace were upon the platform, as well as many other influential ladies and gentlemen, and the meeting was extremely hearty, the people evincing their delight at the General's presence in the most unmistakable fashion.

The General's Motor Campaign

Everything points to a wonderful epoch-making tour, from the capital of the Highlands away down to Devonshire's beautiful southern port, Plymouth. There will be no cessation, with the exceptions of intervals for rest by night and brief refreshments by day. The General began the tour at full salvation pace, with a heavy week-end's program, in which the Chief of the Staff assisted him, and will continue right along through the month's program, as per schedule, speaking three, four, and five times a day, sometimes oftener, giving addresses on the Army, preaching salvation, talking at waysides, in squares, and market-places; in fact, everywhere where there is a chance at all of gratifying the laudable wish of the people to hear him, and according to the measure of his strength.

A feature of the campaign will be a number of civic receptions, which the local authorities have expressed a desire to accord him with full honors.

The visits also to infirmaries, poorhouses, and

The Army in Both Hemispheres.

COMMISSIONER RAILTON SPEAKS OF THE ARMY'S ORIENTAL PROSPECTS.

Commissioner Railton gave the Montreal Star man some interesting copy, comprising a broad, world-wide sweep of Army prospects, from which we cull the following:—

"Our Army, its forces and its powers, are growing steadily year by year.

"In Tokio there are at the present time," said the Commissioner, "some four or five thousand young Chinese students, who have been sent to Japan from all parts of the Celestial Empire, and these young fellows are the pick of the country. They are to study the advanced methods of their Japanese brethren, and it is our intention to endeavor to secure some of these intelligent young men for our ranks and get them to take up the good work. They would make splendid officers, and would have great influence with their countrymen."

"It is altogether likely that the first start in China will be made at Dainy, as this is no doubt a growing point, and as time goes on our work will become more and more important. In fact, we have already made a small start by taking over the Rescue Home conducted by the Y.M.C.A. there. This Home was established for the purpose of looking after the great number of Japanese women who came over to China, particularly Manchuria, during the time of the war with Russia.

"Though we have hardly begun in China, we are very well established in Japan; in fact, our work in Japan is carried on by Japanese officers, although there are a few English and Australian officers there.

"If the stories we hear about the awakening of China are true, that country may furnish the world with as big a surprise as did Japan in her conflict with Russia. While in Singapore and Java lately I could not help but remark the marked development among the Chinese of these parts in a commercial way, and this is only a sample of what they would do under an enlightened and progressive government in their own land. We are of the opinion that this spirit of progressiveness is now abroad in the land of the Chinese and intend to take advantage of it for the glory of God and the extension of the work in which we are engaged."

Attitude of Japanese.

"Are the Japanese well disposed towards the Army?"

"Very much so. This is due to the fact that we do not run in opposition to any established religions or churches. Our chief object is to reach

jails, which lie along the route, will doubtless furnish many touching incidents and object-lessons for salvation warfare. The General, as every Salvationist knows full well, is an adept at becoming all things to all men—in order always to win them to God.

The Norwegian Congress.

Under the happiest conditions, and with typical Scandinavian summer weather prevailing, the Norwegian Congress opened on Saturday.

Within a few hours of their arrival, the General's representatives, Commissioner Alexander M. Nicol and Colonel Hugh Whatmore, were in the midst of enthusiastic and inspiring officers' councils.

The hearts of these comrades opened to receive the instruction and advice given, while the mention of the General's name brought them to their feet with a bound, and the place rang with their shoutings.

At night there was a march four hundred strong, with two bands, followed by a crowded meeting for officers and soldiers, which lasted until 11.30. Twenty-four souls knelt at the mercy seat.

The Field Day, held in an ideal Norwegian forest, overlooking a magnificent fjord, was a great success. Here, in a natural theatre which will accommodate thousands, the people, who had come in large numbers by special trains, seated themselves on the grassy slopes, the perfume of the firs in the air.

The picture of the listening thousands was a never-to-be-forgotten sight, to which the thirty-three seeking souls added the finishing touch.

those who do not go to church at all. The Japanese have appreciated this point to our great advantage, as we do not denounce or come into contact with Buddhism or the ancient Shinto faith, but confine ourselves to the lifting up of Christ as the one great helper of all."

"Has the Army a good foothold on the Continent?"

"Yes; we are making rapid strides over there. In the United Kingdom we have perhaps the largest number of members, while in Germany we are getting on very well; so well, in fact, that even in the streets of Berlin we are now allowed to hold marches on many occasions. In France we are getting a better hold on public opinion, and in Switzerland, where we at first had to fight desperately, the Government looks upon us with favor. We are also flourishing in the countries of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark."

"How does your field of labor on this side compare with that on the Continent?"

"Our largest field as regards the extension of territory and the impression made upon the city population is in the United States. There is a greater liberality of feeling in the United States. In England we are the latest organization of a religious character on the scene, while in the United States we are looked upon by the people of the great cities as the one and proper medium for dealing with the great masses of people who never enter a church door of any kind."

Progress Here Rapid.

"How is your work progressing in Canada?"

"We are making rapid progress in Canada; that is, throughout Canada in general, but not in the Province of Quebec. We have not much opening in this Province apart from the city of Montreal. It appears to me that this Province is remarkable for a population which seems to attend so well the respective places of worship of the different denominations, and we have not room to cut in, though in the city our field is not so limited, owing to the increasing population, especially from the Old Country. These new citizens, who come out from the Old Land, are very often, from the novelty and excitement of their new conditions, easily made to forget their religious duties, and it is towards these people that our energies are directed."

"I visited Canada thirteen years ago, and the evidences of prosperity and progress are everywhere so evident that I do not wonder we hear such a great deal in Britain to-day about our immense possession of Canada."

Testimonies Heard in Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey's Slum Meeting.

A dear brother testified in Mrs. Kilbey's slum meeting, in Chicago, last night that for fourteen years he had been a slave to the opium habit, until, hopeless and despairing, he one night, two and a half years ago, wandered into the Army hall in Minneapolis and there heard of a Saviour from sin. As we listened to the thrilling testimony and looked upon the intelligent face of the speaker, we said, "Surely the day of miracles is not past."

In the same meeting another told of years of seafaring life, of good resolutions made while at sea, only to be forgotten as soon as he came ashore. No matter what port he touched there were plenty of "good fellows" willing to lead the way into debauchery and sin, until his heart was too calloused to heed the pleadings of a broken-hearted mother that he would just once let her see his face.

Landing at last in San Francisco, he made his way to Seattle, Wash., and there—glory be to Jesus!—he saw the flag, followed the drum, and, surrounded by praying soldiers, sought and found deliverance. His earnest appeal made a deep impression upon the Clark Street habitues.

Mrs. Colonel Jacobs desires the War Cry to transmit to many friends her deep appreciation of their kind expressions of sympathy in her recent bereavement. She values them highly, although unable to reply individually to each one.

Further Details Concerning "Holy Ann."

Our readers will be interested in the following testimony concerning our dear departed comrade, "Holy Ann," some details of whose life were given in a previous issue.

From her pastor of fifty years ago, it carries special weight, and gives an instructive sidelight on several of her almost miraculous experiences.

We call from a letter which appeared in the Montreal Witness, signed by E. B. Ryckman, Almonte:—

Just fifty years ago I was sent to my first station, Yonge Street, Toronto District. My home was at Thornhill, which was also the home of the family of Dr. Reid, in which Ann was a servant, and, in a sense, mistress and mother too, for both Dr. and Mrs. Reid had passed away, and the devoted Ann had the young people under her care.

I soon discovered that I had in my charge a person and a Christian of very remarkable attainments. During the fifty years of my ministry the word "consecration" has never been interpreted to me so fully by any other as by Ann. All that is meant by the phrases, "walking with God," and "talking with God," was illustrated more visibly, practically, and constantly by her than by any other that I have known. One could not talk with her without talking about Christ or some interest of His Kingdom. Without the least appearance of assumption she always controlled the conversation. She was accustomed to "speaking to the Almighty," as was Job, and to hear Him speak to her in turn. I seldom read Paul's words, "And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee," without thinking of Anna. That was her habitual mode of speech. For instance, one day I went into the Reid home and, of course, the subject of religion in some interesting phase of it was up at once between Anna and me. In the course of conversation she spoke of her temptations. I said, as if in surprise:

"Why, Anna, how is it that you are tempted?"

She replied, "Oh, I understand it. I told the Lord about it, and He said, 'Why, Anna, you are all the while trying to tear down Satan's kingdom, and of course he will not let you alone.'"

The Witness' paragraph, which gave her obituary notice on June 22nd, says she had never learned the alphabet, but could read the Scripture in a scholarly manner. I suppose that many who read that remark did so with incredulity. I know it to be true, not only from Ann's own account, but also from that of the most excellent family with whom she lived. They brought her with them from Ireland, and knew her to be unable to read. They knew also that somehow she had acquired the art. She herself told me all about it.

How Ann Was Taught to Read.

Her story, in brief, was this: One day as she was doing her work she was thanking God because He gave her grace to keep His commandments. She was very happy. Then the devil said to her that she was not keeping God's commandments, that she could not read, and that there were commandments in the Bible that she never heard of, which she was breaking every day. She was stunned as by a most unwelcome truth. In great distress of mind she went to her Master to speak to Him about it. She told her Lord that she wanted to keep His commandments, and would do so if she only knew them, and asked Him to show her and teach her. She had often wished she could read, and at that time the desire came up in her heart as never before. She went and got a Bible and opened it before the Lord, and on her knees, with her finger on a verse, she pleaded with God to help her to read "just one of these little things," that is, verses. She found then and there that she could read, and, overjoyed, with her finger on the verse, she went to Henry, the youngest son, and said:

"This is, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,' etc."

Henry replied, "So it is, but how do you know?"

Her only answer was, "The Lord told me so."

She seemed to have acquired the power to know words by their form, as we know letters. When I first knew Anna I saw that she could read the Bible fluently. I do not know how she would have got along with the sixteenth of Romans, but she

would take up the Gospels, or the Epistles, and read with ease wherever she wished. I conversed with members of the Reid family on the subject, and all they could say was, in effect, that there was a time when they knew Ann could not read, but now they knew she could.

But the most remarkable thing about this woman was her knowledge of Scripture and the use she made of it in prayer, in the relation of Christian experience, and in ordinary conversation. Generations of Methodist preachers, stationed during the past sixty years on Fonge Street circuit, have, in turn, stood astonished at Ann's familiarity with the Bible. All her wants and wishes, her joys and sorrows, indeed, all her thoughts, seemed to be such as could be most easily and fitly expressed in Scripture language. I never heard her equal even in the pulpit.

Ann made the very highest professions. She constantly affirmed that she was "sanctified wholly," that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed her from all unrighteousness," that in her was "the love of God perfected"; and I never knew saint or sinner who knew her, that would hint that either her conduct or her character was out of harmony with her professions; and, best of all, those who knew her most intimately, and the family she served, gave her most readily all credit for sincerity and consistency.

The Converted Clown.

Tom Baker was a wayward boy from his earliest recollections. At a very early age he ran away from home to travel with a circus.

On one or two occasions Tom returned to the old home, but relations being rather strained between his father and himself, as well as the fact that life was very quiet at home, he soon made off again.

He followed the circus for nineteen years, and revelled in all that was bad. But he grew that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and being so dissatisfied with his luck, was on his way to drown himself in the River Don (England) when the Army came in sight at that very moment.

Now, Tom Baker had never seen the Salvation Army before, but street parades of all kinds had their attraction for him. He made up his mind to follow, and drawing near, heard the story of Jesus. Then thoughts of home and mother came to him. His heart was so heavy, the burden was intolerable. Could no one lift it? The Army soldiers told him

Jesus could heal his broken heart and snap every fetter of sin. There and then this wretched man bowed himself for cleansing.

Twenty-seven years have gone by, and Tom Baker is still a soldier in the Army. Emigrated to Canada, he is now a soldier of Dovercourt corps, and is in demand as a special very often, being known in England as Envoy. The Lord has used him much in this capacity. May God keep him faithful.—Capt. Baird.



Special Subject for Prayer:—Pray for all Christians workers, missionaries, ministers, and Army officers who are laid aside from active service for the Lord through ill-health.

Sunday, Aug. 19.—The Great Commission.—Matt. xxviii. 16-20; John xxi. 13.
Monday, Aug. 20.—Restored Apostleship.—John xxi. 15-22; Luke xxiv. 44-49.
Tuesday, Aug. 21.—The Ascension.—Mark xvi. 15-18; Luke xxiv. 50-52; John xx. 30, 31.
Wednesday, Aug. 22.—Ten Days of Prayer.—Acts I. 1-14.
Thursday, Aug. 23.—The Spirit's Descent.—Acts II. 1-21.
Friday, Aug. 24.—Three Thousand in One Day.—Acts II. 22-47.
Saturday, Aug. 25.—Lame Man Healed.—Acts III. 1-26.

A SHOT FOR THE SUFFERING.

(Continued from last week.)

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Secretary.
Therefore, dear suffering, isolated one, be strong. He will be your Companion in the silent watches of the long nights of agony, in the slowly passing days of anguish and weariness. Perhaps you will say, "Why does He not answer my prayer and remove the pain?" He may be moulding you in the same furnace as He passed through—for "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered." He will answer your prayer as the mother answers the pleadings of a little child, not always granting what is asked, but always giving what the mother's heart sees is best for its future good.

God is fitting you for a place in His eternal Kingdom. "If God loved you, He would not permit you to suffer," some taunting tempter may say to you. God has a plan for every life, and it may be that in affliction's school, under the tuition of



Before.

Tom Baker, the Converted Clown.

After.



pain, you may be the place, and He will give you strength. How strong we feel when the great Master-Hand is upon us, and He will give relief.

"After that—Ye have seen."

Christ's own cross, greatest suffering in pleasure, but may be love. Then—

"Let nothing make you sorry, or too regretful. Be still. What God hath done, then find in it His will."

You are weary, perhaps for rest—eternal rest. Consciousness that He is friend is near; when chamber is weary to touch of a vanished voice that is still," says. And when earth and it will pass for us with the mist of death, it loses its grasp of the shadows of the valley; one's hand is too weak to grasp eternity opens before. Psalmist's faith—"I will not be moved." "Thou art with me."

We can follow so far windows of the city we see that "there shall be self shall be with the God shall wipe away all there shall be no more crying, neither shall there. Then may we ever be." "Content to suffer. Living or dying."

"I pass on the following prayer that they may many invalid readers: "Shut in! Oh, no, my friend dust and toil and of the day, into the cool, green pastures. I here may be in quiet "Earth's angels come and sweet; We sit and learn together. We talk of sacred duty. And they go out and pray.

"No, not shut in, my away; My soul goes out in gladness. This waiting, suffering pain, Can never dim my vision. strain.

"I wait the rapacious g To mansions bright, etc. sin. I'm only waiting, sisters 'home'. Thus wait with lamp bright, 'gloom come."

His I

"If Thy presence go up hence," cried Moses, commanded to lead the wilderness to the Promised Land. He would have been for a rule that rebellious, be women by himself. B alone, and when God stay where he was. the presence of the Lord. "My presence shall go with you," said Moses, the adopted son of God, who years before had been a wanderer, became the leader, and gave us the law. He died in triumph, to hundreds of years after, sharer of Christ's triumph. He satisfied with nothing.

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May God keep him

League

Subject for Prayer—
All Christians workers,
ministers, and
others who are laid aside
through ill-health.

Postship.—John xxi.
Don.—Mark xvi. 15-19;
30, 31.

ays of Prayer.—Acts i.
ity Descent.—Acts ii.
and in One Day—
an Healed.—Acts iii.

SUFFERING.

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pain, you may be the more readily fitted for your place, and He will give relief in His own time. How strong we feel when we are conscious that the great Master-Hand is upon the springs of our life and He will give relief in His own time.

"After" that, "Ye have Suffered a While."

Christ's own cross is to us a pledge that the greatest suffering is not a token of God's displeasure, but may be an evidence of His deepest love. Then—

"Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still.

What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will."

You are weary, perhaps, dear sufferer; you long for rest—eternal rest. This is your rest, the consciousness that He is with you when no human friend is near; when the hospital ward or sick chamber is weary to you and your faint "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." "I will give you rest," He says. And when earth's last night is passed—and it will pass for us all—and your eyes are dim with the mist of death, and your mind wanders as it loses its grasp of the threads of time, and the shadows of the valley fall upon you, and the loved one's hand is too weak to hold you back, and the great eternity opens before you, you will have the Psalmist's faith—"I will fear no evil." Why? "Thou art with me."

We can follow no further, but through the open windows of the city we catch a glimpse and we see that "there shall be no night there. God Himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Then may we ever be—

"Content to suffer while we know
Living or dying, He is near."

"Shut In."

I pass on the following beautiful lines with the prayer that they may be the happy experience of many invalid readers:—

"Shut in! Oh, no, my sisters! Only led away
From dust and toil and turmoil and burden and heat
Of the day
Into the cool green pastures, by waters calm and
still,
I here may lie in quiet and do my Father's will.

"Earth's cares come around me with faces kind
and sweet;
We sit and burn together at Jesus' loving feet;
We talk of sacred duties, of crosses in the way,
And they go out and hear them while I lie still and
pray.

"No, not shut in, my sisters, the four walls fade
away;
My soul goes out in gladness to bask in glorious day.
This wasting, suffering body, with weight of weary
pain,
Can never dim my vision, nor soul with grief re-
strain.

"I wait the rapturous greeting, or rather entering in
To mansions bright, eternal, that know no pain, no
sin.
I'm only waiting, sisters, till the Father calls 'Come
home';
Thus wait with lamp bright burning, until the Bride-
groom come."

His Presence.

"If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up thence," cried Moses to the Lord, when he was commanded to lead the Children of Israel from the wilderness to the Promised Land. How foolish it would have been for Moses to have attempted to ride that rebellious, backsliding mob of men and women by himself. But he would not start out alone, and when God saw that Moses would rather stay where he was than venture to move without the presence of the Lord with him, then He said, "My presence shall go with thee." Hallelujah! Moses, the adopted son of Egypt's Royal Princess, who years before had to flee for his life as a murderer, became the leader of God's people for forty years, and gave us the law for all time, finally dying in triumph, to come back to earth again hundreds of years afterwards as a witness and sharer of Christ's transfiguration, because he would be satisfied with nothing short of God's presence.

How absurd it would have been for the few timid disciples of Jesus to endeavor to win converts to the cause of their Master, who had recently been crucified between two thieves, had they tried alone. Devoid of money, influence, social position and learning as they were, the enterprised was doomed to the most ignominious failure if its success depended on their unaided efforts. They would not go alone, however, but waited on God for ten days in desperate importunate prayer until He came to their help, and destroyed their doubts and fears, and filled them with Himself. After that they had no difficulty in winning souls. Their enemies went down before them by the thousand, till we are told that even a great number of the priests, the very men who had taken the most prominent part in the crucifixion of Christ, became obedient unto the faith. (Acts vi. 7.) Bless God. Those few, simple folk started a blessed revival, the influence of which is felt to the uttermost parts of the earth to-day, because the presence of God was with them.

My comrades, let others go for the big salaries, and covet the best positions, and seek the highest promotions if they will, but let us make sure that we have the presence of Jesus abiding with us. With Him, we shall bless the world and accomplish something for eternity, no matter what our position may be; but if we have not His presence we shall be found failures, frauds, and shams when we stand before God, no matter what our profession or standing may have been.

How is His Presence to be Obtained?

By seeking. A dear officers under whom I was once stationed used to tell me that Jesus was too great a gentleman to go where He was not wanted. He will not force Himself upon us. If we are content with a shallow profession, and are willing to drift along with a vague idea that we are saved, or are satisfied with an up-and-down experience, we may have it. But when Jesus sees that we want Him, and will be satisfied with nothing short of His presence, and are counting all things but dross to obtain this gift, then He will come and ravish our hearts with His love and fill us with Himself, and our experience will be one of constant power and victory. We may be tried as Moses was, or persecuted as the disciples were, and perhaps be stationed at hard posts, and even suffer loneliness and privations in distant lands for His dear sake, but if His presence be with us we shall be "more than conquerors" over all difficulties, see much fruit won for the Kingdom, and finally share the glories of heaven with Him forever. Seek Him just now.—George N. Reed.

GEORGE FOX, THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter XXI.
Faithful to the End.

"So He bringeth them into their desired haven."
—Psalm ciii. 30.

The last year of George Fox's life was a quiet one. The year 1690 saw the passing of the Toleration Act, after which Quakers could no more be thrust into vile dungeons, there to die of fever and confinement. Never again were they to be whipped through the streets and otherwise personally maltreated. It was of immense satisfaction to George to see the passing of this Act before he died, and thus to know that in the thickest of the fight he had been with his beloved followers, and now that he was about to leave them their future looked bright.

No one has ever attempted to say exactly what George Fox died of. He suffered from no disease. There was just a daily weakening of all physical strength. He was not a very old man, as his appearance might lead one to suppose, but suffering and imprisonment and privation had left the marks of their ravages on his body, as they had broken down his iron constitution. In 1690 his voice was feeble, his eyes hollow, and his eyesight dim, his hair thin and white, and he could only with the greatest difficulty crawl the half mile between his house and the meeting. But his intellect was unimpaired. That was keen as ever, and as his body wasted away his soul renewed its youth and mounted up on eagles' wings.

George's life is not one that could be termed picturesque: It is too crowded for that, too full of events to enable one to get an artistic whole. On the other side, there is the steady, unobtrusive calm

of his spiritual life once he had grasped the truth he had sought for. There are no "ups and downs," no struggles, no soul conflicts to record. His life was one truly hid with Christ in God. It was pure and childlike. His faith, both in God and human nature was unbounded, his obedience to the Captain of his salvation implicit. His one desire was the extension of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

His charity and unselfishness all acknowledged. His means were far from large, but on them he supported himself, and even after he was married he refused to partake of his wife's riches. As to his private life, none, even his enemies, ever seriously attacked that. He had an undoubted faculty for making friends. All who knew him loved him, and he attracted to himself men of very different classes. Scholars, laborers, statesmen, courtiers, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, all, as soon as they came under the spell of his influence, loved him.

Only Eloquent in Prayer.

His preaching, we are told, was not remarkable, either for eloquence or clearness. Even those who loved and admired him most cannot say that preaching was his strongest point. He was very often so involved in his sentences as to be almost unintelligible. But one element was never lacking in all his discourses, and that was the Holy Ghost. It was that, combined with his earnestness and enthusiasm, that caused him to sway the masses, as he undoubtedly did. He was not much of a talker in private life, though one has remarked:

"I observe that when George is present the others are mostly silent."

But if George was not eloquent in speech he was in prayer! Here he excelled, and when the Spirit moved him to pray his tongue was as an angel's.

"Above all," writes a contemporary, "he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity and weight of his address and behavior, the fervency and fullness of his words have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation."

(To be concluded next week.)

Jottings from Across the Border.

Lieut.-Colonel Miles, who has just paid an official visit to Southern California, says:

"In our inspection of the Los Angeles Rescued Home we could not help but congratulate Staff-Capt. McDonald on his splendid appearance, and Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey on securing, through the kindness of Commissioner Coombs, of such a splendid matron. The Staff-Captain has just put in a new operating table and an up-to-date sterilizer. So delighted are some of the doctors of Los Angeles with this institution that they are begging to send some of their patients there."

"Speaking of 'Frisco,' says Major Fynn, "reminds us of the fact that our comrades have already got their new Provincial Headquarters in operation, also a large Workingmen's Hotel on the site of the old Headquarters. But what a desolate and completely-wrecked appearance the burned section of the city presents! It is beyond description, yet everywhere there seems to be activity in clearing up the debris and wreckage and making preparations for rebuilding the city. Meanwhile, the officers whose corps were wiped out are doing a grand work at the Refugee Camps, helping and blessing the people."

The first enrolment of Salvation soldiers since the earthquake and fire has taken place at San Francisco. It took place in the Army tent at the Presidio, and Ensign Barbe felt deservedly elated over her corps having the distinction. This was the Army's last meeting in the Presidio, as the Refugee Camps have now been moved outside the U. S. Reservation. The Ensign is, however, sticking to her people, and will move her tent alone. One soul came forward at the enrolment service.

The Ensign's own testimony was given in these words: "I am happy in my work; earthquake and fire have only intensified my desire to make haste and seek the lost as never before. We are having blessed, soul-saving times."

The Police Magistrate of South Bend, Ind., recently paroled nine prisoners to the Salvation Army of that town, as he esteemed the Army could do more for them than bolts and bars.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Press Wire from Petrolia.

Over five hundred people left Petrolia on Civic Holiday for Lake Huron Park with the local corps. Uniform, badges, and smiles were the order of the day. All baskets were checked. We were reinforced by Pitt Hole School, Sarnia, and Port Huron corps and brass band. The very best of feeling prevailed throughout the day. Sports for the children, besides a large united open-air, was conducted. The band played, solos were sung, testimonies were given, the Bible was read, and the return trip was made without an accident.—Ensign LeCocq.

Stone-Laying of New Barracks at Prince Albert.

Propitious weather favored the proceedings in connection with the laying of the corner-stone of the new barracks at Prince Albert this week. Brigadier Burditt was present, and was assisted by Adj. Barr, Ensign and Mrs. Lacey, Adj. Scott, and Lieut. Mirey. The Brigadier, in a most interesting and forceful address briefly sketched the wonderful strides which the Army had made, is now taking, and is destined to take, not only in this country, but in every corner of the globe. The large crowd, considering the awkward time at which the ceremony was performed, listened attentively, manifesting much appreciation. His Worship the Mayor was presented with a trowel as a memento of the occasion, and His Worship in reply stated that it afforded him much pleasure to be there, and expressed his strong appreciation of the work being done by the Army, both locally and all over the land. He then declared the stone well and truly laid. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Marshall and the Rev. Mr. Reid, both of whom spoke in a most friendly strain and wished the Army God-speed in the work of saving souls and leading God's people into higher spheres of usefulness and a higher plane of Christian life. A good collection was given towards the new building, which is very suitable, in a central location, and is fast nearing completion, under the able supervision of Ensign Lacey. It will be a two-story building, with a seating capacity of 350. The basement is large, and will be used for the junior work.

A very pretty story and a half cottage is also being built adjoining, for an officers' quarters, with cheery outlook, facing the river. Our earnest hope is that for every brick, every stick of lumber, and every nail used in the work of construction, there may be a corresponding soul in the land of the real, as a direct result of the work to be henceforth conducted within its walls. The evening meetings, led by the Brigadier, were well attended, and the visiting officers' words and songs were much appreciated. Two souls yielded to the Spirit's pleading in the after meeting.—John H. Wilson.



George Settee with Officers of the Selkirk Corps, Capt. Irwin and Lieut. Griffith. This Indian comrade served under General Wolseley in the Nile Expedition, 1884-5.

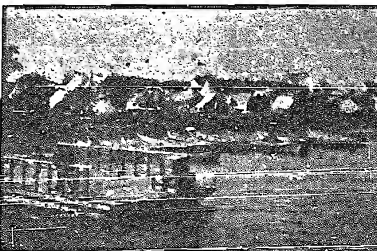
Lindsay.—The soldiers and friends of this town have given us a very nice welcome, and we hope to see something done for God. Considering the extreme heat we had a very good week-end. The "baby band" and soldiers standing faithfully to their post.—Adj. McCann and Capt. Dauberville.

St. John, N.B.—On the 25th of July Colonel Sharp conducted a very interesting wedding at the Evangeline Home, St. John, N.B. The contracting parties were Thomas Berryman Baker, of Charles Town, Mass., and Susan Elizabeth Davidson, of St. John.

PRISON NOTES.

By Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

In company with Staff-Capt. Fraser and Hay, I had the pleasure of conducting a service recently in the Don Jail, where there are, at the present time, nearly 150 prisoners. We also spent some time in interviewing the inmates of the institution. The meeting itself was one of the best of its kind that I have ever been in. The prisoners gave the closest attention to what was said and sung, and a number of them were visibly moved. Seven declared in favor of living a better life. The officials here are the very essence of kindness, from the Governor down, and are pleased with the Army's method of work.



Part of the Indian Camp at St. Peter's during "Treaty Week."

Our figures for July are as follows:

Prisoners Interviewed	1330
Met on Discharge	60
Given Employment	54
Fares or Part Fares Paid	33
Meetings Held in Prisons	76
Professed Conversion	69
Army Publications Given Prisoners	1039

In addition to the above quite a number have been fed, clothed, and given lodgings. We give God the praise for His goodness and for what has been accomplished.

I have received a letter from the officer in charge of Sherbrooke, P.Q., which runs as follows:—

"I am pleased to inform you that the work in the Boys' Reformatory here is looking bright. There are thirteen boys, and ten of them are professing Christ. We had a beautiful case a week ago Monday. The boys are a bright, intelligent lot, and I feel sure, with proper looking after, they will do well in the future. May God help us to train them right."

I may also say that at Portage la Prairie our people conduct meetings in the Boys' Reformatory.

The Prison Work in the Northwest is well looked after by Staff-Capt. Taylor, Adj. Alward, and Police Court Missioner, as well as by officers working under them. The Staff-Capt. recently wrote with reference to a man being sent by Police Court Missioner Clark. On his release from Regina Jail the Army went good for his board, and then made him a loan of \$5. He is now in a good position, and earning \$18 per week, and has a bright future before him.

Police Court Missioner Clark is forging ahead in the Saskatchewan Police Courts. There is a promising outlook before this branch of our work. We wish Brother Clark every success. He is a hustler and no mistake.

Staff-Capt. Fraser recently dealt with an old criminal of about forty years' standing. He was edu-



Scene at Indian Camp, St. Peter's, during "Treaty Week."

Chief Medicine Man dancing to the accompaniment of drum-beating performed by the men sitting on the ground.

cated for a Roman Catholic Priest. The poor old man came to see us, and asked for help, and although given up by many, we believe there is a power in Christ to save such as he.

A certain magistrate was interested in a young man, who was in the Toronto Jail, and gave us a donation if we would help him on his discharge. I am pleased to report that the boy was met on his discharge and was found a good situation in the city. His father lives in the Old Land.

I may say that the said magistrate is more than delighted and has since returned to thank us for the help rendered the boy.

The Prison Gate and Social Staff spent Sunday at Liegar St. The Y.M.C.A. large hall was taken. The afternoon took the form of a prison meeting, and was presided over by Staff Inspector Archibald. There were several volunteers for pardon and full salvation. The collections amounted to about \$60.

Visit to the Indian Reserve at St. Peter's, Man.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, with the Selkirk officers had an interesting experience recently on the Indian Reserve at St. Peter's, some miles down the river from Selkirk. This is one of the best centres, where the annual Government grant is made to the Indians, who gather from a great distance around, numbering over a thousand.

It is known as "treaty money," and St. Peter's presents a very picturesque appearance at this time, the white tents covering acres of ground on the river side.

Some of our Indian comrades from Selkirk were there, among others, George Settee, an old veteran who served under Wolseley in the Nile Expedition, and is now serving under the King of Kings. George was quite pleased to have his picture taken with his officers, Capt. Irwin and Lieut. Griffith.

The Army uniform was quickly recognized, and many came and shook hands with the officers, expressing their pleasure at seeing the uniform.

The best of good will and order prevailed about the camp, and when in the evening the opening was started they gathered in hundreds to listen.

The Rev. R. D. Sharpe, who has charge of the Baptist Church there, invited the Army to hold an indoor meeting in his church, which, in spite of the great heat and attractions outside, was crowded to the doors, and nine souls came to the new seat.

The pastor and people were overjoyed. The collection was handed over to the Army, with a hearty invitation to visit them again.

His Blood Cleanses the Vildest

A trophy of the cross has just been from Lancashire town; a poor woman, who stands at 160 convictions against had grown old in sin, and was known as the "old woman of many crimes."



BARRIE. We had a visit from the converted clown, the converted us for the visit was very much enjoyed by all and many hearts were touched.

BELLE ISLAND. Last Sunday Seven Desire Prayer, of good thiers and Island corps, as we had with us and Moulton. We had a grand station on Sunday afternoon. It was excellent. Seven desired to while one was saved and another did not get through. We hope soon. We might say that our week was a grand success. We that Ensign Bristow fell in love coming back again.—Wilcox.

BOTHWELL. The soldiers to welcome us to the praying and believing for a re future. May God bless our stay many souls.—A. King, Lieut., fo

BOWMANVILLE. The Gospel Three Souls. villo is plou sin, and sinn cued and placed aboard. Th week is just a foretaste of th Myrtle Marshall, Lieut.

CHARLOTTETOWN. Thursda The Corps Goes on West Rive success. sale up v

grounds on a bluff on the shore, a good crowd—all these added nice sum of happiness. String very much in evidence. Capt. a new process in butter-making. We have welcomed our Scots McDonald, and have had a cool Clark, Bro. Squarbridge, and Co. Fine meetings all day Sunday (Hazel) at night. Glory! Capt. doing nobly. Violin and corn giving clear testimonies.—H.

ESSEX. Ten souls have kn Ten Souls. form for salvation port. God is pour upon us here and we are having times. We had a visit from Ensi meetings all day Sunday and fountain.—Mrs. Capt. Sharpe.

GRAVENHURST. We had a Three Candidates Sunday, led son and Wh Accepted. didates in th

We shall miss them, but our los gain.—One in it.

HAMILTON, BER. We had on Sunday Five Souls. Trickey to

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CORPS BULLETINS



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Indian Reserve

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BARRIE. We had Ensign Baker, The Converted Clown, the converted clown, with us for the week-end. His visit was very much enjoyed by all who heard him, and many hearts were touched.—Tadla.

BELLE ISLAND. Last Sunday was a day Seven Desire Prayer. of good things for the soldiers and friends of Belle Island corps, as we had with us Ensigns Bristow and Boulton. We had a grand open-air demonstration on Sunday afternoon. The night meeting was excellent. Seven desired to be prayed for, while one was saved and another sought to be but did not get through. We hope to see him saved soon. We might say that our sociable of this week was a grand success. We are glad to say that Ensign Bristow fell in love with us and is coming back again.—Wilcox.

BOTHWELL. The soldiers turned out well to welcome us to the corps. We are praying and believing for a revival in the near future. May God bless our stay here and give us many souls.—A. King, Lieut., for Capt. Duncan.

BOWMANVILLE. The Gospel ship at Bowmanville is ploughing the sea of sin, and sinners are being rescued and placed aboard. Three souls for the week is just a foretaste of what is to come.—Myrtle Marshall, Lieut.

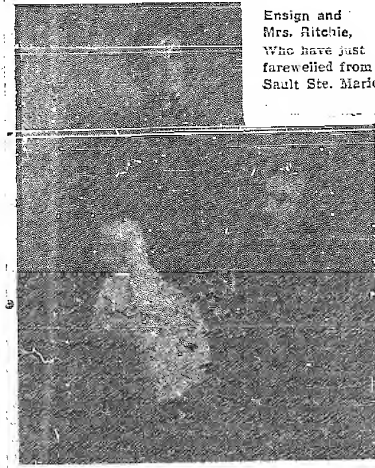
CHARLOTTETOWN. Thursday's corps picnic to West River was a decided success. A lovely eight-mile sale up West River, picnic

grounds on a bluff on the shore, a perfect day, and a good crowd—all these added together made a nice sum of happiness. String band of eight pieces very much in evidence. Capt. Forsey discovered a new process in butter-making. Patents pending. We have welcomed our Scotch comrade, Mary McDonald, and have had a look-in from Bro. Ed. Clark, Bro. Squarebriggs, and Capt. Maggie Melkie. Fine meetings all day Sunday, with one soul (Hazel) at night. Glory! Capt. and Mrs. Forsey doing nobly. Violin and cornet well saved and giving clear testimonies.—H.

ESSEX. Ten souls have knelt at the penitent Ten Souls. form for salvation since our last report. God is pouring out His Spirit upon us here and we are having some Holy Ghost thine. We had a visit from Ensign Edwards. Good meetings all day Sunday and five souls in the four in.—Mrs. Capt. Sharpe.

GRANBY. We had a real good time last Sunday, led on by Lieuts. Peter- son and Whitney. Three Candidates accepted. Candidates in this corps have been accepted and will be leaving for Training shortly. We all miss them, but our loss is the Kingdom's gain.—One in it.

HAMILTON, BER. We had beautiful meetings on Sunday. At night Ensign Trickey took for his subject, "The unpardonable sin." Much conviction was felt throughout the meetings, and at the close two backsliders came home to God. On Monday night Ensign Green and Capt. Norrell, from Somerset, and Capt. Kenay, from Southampton, came over.



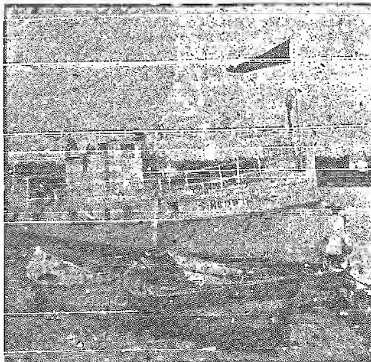
Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie, who have just farewelled from Sault Ste. Marie.

We were glad to see their shining faces and to hear of the success they were having in their part of the battlefield. Capt. Newell sang three beautiful solos, and Ensign Green read the lesson. After a short prayer meeting we rejoiced to see three souls seeking salvation, one of whom is a Junior. We are glad to report that Capt. Brewer is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, and expects soon to be at the front again.—Sec. F. Moore.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND. Capt. Metcalf and Lieut. Barry arrived here on Saturday morning by steamer. We had a good time on Sunday and souls were convicted of sin, although no one would yield. Our crowds are small now, owing to so many comrades being away for the summer.—Cadet Oxford.

MONTRÉAL II. The past week has been one of blessing. Through our officers are away on rest, yet it is splendid to see the way the soldiers rally round the different leaders. The last week-end we were led on by Ensign Taylor and Capt. Duncan, and two souls were captured from the devil's ranks.—Sunshine.

NELSON. One dear comrade stepped Great Improvements. into full liberty in a holiness meeting recently, and this week-end has been a blessed time for us all. We praise God for three souls on Saturday and two on Sunday. We have just had ten new Humphrey Block Burners put into our hall, which make it appear much more bright and cheerful.



The Government Boat "Redwing," which carries the "Treaty" Money.

We expect to get it calmsailed and painted this week. The crowds are splendid, both indoor and out, and the collections amounted to over \$25 this week-end. Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone have a good hold and we are looking forward to a good time this coming fall.—Armstrong.

OTTAWA I. Our new Financial Special, Four More Recruits. Capt. Hurd, recently paid us his first visit. The audience was deeply interested in the service given. The Captain conducted a holiness meeting the following evening. On Sunday afternoon four recruits were enrolled, and a little child was dedicated to God. One soul came to God in the night meeting, getting the victory over tobacco. Adit. Crichton is away on a furlough at present, leaving Mrs. Crichton and Lieut. Morris in charge of the work. On Thursday we had a musical meeting, led by the brass band. Capt. Loveday and Mabel Webber also took part.—French.

PARRY SOUND. Captain Meeks and Lieutenant Two Souls. Wilkins have been welcomed to our corps. Two souls came forward on Sunday night.—W. J. K.

PRINCE ALBERT. Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord still continue. Numbers are steadily increasing, and it is now no uncommon thing to have over twenty on the march. Collections are good, the new piano has arrived, new barracks is well under way, and nearly all the comrades have recently started to wear uniform. Platform cannot now nearly hold the soldiers. Sunday we had twelve out for salvation or sanctification. What a glorious wind up we had! Officers and soldiers were all jubilant. Ensign Lacey was near the dancing pitch. We are believing to see how he does it next Sunday. May God keep us all true and humble in the midst of victory.—John H. Wilson, War Cry Correspondent.



The First Contingent of New Settlers En Route to the Tisdale Colony.

ST. GEORGE'S, BER. On Thursday we held a welcome meeting to our new D. O's, Ensign and Mrs. Trickey. It took the form of a musical meeting and ice cream social. We enjoyed some selections from the string band, some solos and duets, and a talk from the Ensign. He said that he had come to Bermuda for the sole purpose of fishing for the souls of men.—M. Fisher.

SASKATOON. Twenty souls have sought Christ Twenty Souls. during the last eight days. They are praising God for the blessings He is pouring on them. The family of our Sergt. Major have arrived from the Old Country. About fifty soldiers were on the march on Sunday. The open-air are splendid.—A. Lankia.

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT. Ensign and Mrs. Ensign Ritchie Farewells. Ritchie have farewelled from us. During their stay here they have worked hard in the interests of the band and corps, and we part with them very reluctantly. Capt. and Mrs. Walker and their little son arrived on the same day as we said good-bye to our former officers. As the steamer left the wharf the band played, God be with you till we meet again, and we trust that He will, and by-and-bye we shall meet to part no more. Capt. and Mrs. Walker have filled the vacant spot, and we are looking forward to some good times.—Olivia Budd.

SEAFORTH. Last week-end was a time of rejoicing, as it was a revival of the olden times, and God's presence was very manifest. We are believing for even better times with Lieut. Simpson in charge and Lieut. McCaskie as assistant. We are in for victory.—N. M.

TRITON. "The last call of mercy, it may be Two Souls. yours tonight." While the above chorus was being sung on Sunday night the Spirit of God spoke to the hearts of the audience, and conviction was plainly visible. Two souls gave way to the stirring of God's Spirit and proved the cleansing power of Jesus' blood.—French.

YORKVILLE. Capt. Meader and Lieut. Thompson Officers. son have arrived here to take charge. The hall was crowded with soldiers and friends on the occasion of their welcome meeting. All day on Sunday we had good meetings, with the result that one sister came to the altar and our souls were much blessed. Collections were above the average.—Secretary.

ARMLESS POSTMASTER.

New Zealand possesses a postmaster who, for all practical purposes, is armless. Owing to a physical deformity which renders his hands useless he is obliged to, and actually does, all the clerical work of his office with his feet.

He is in charge of the post office in Auckland. He uses an indelible pencil in his official work, with which he writes clearly and legibly. He is thirty-seven years of age, and has been in charge of the same post office for the past eleven years. The official reports of the inspectors of the New Zealand Postal Department show that he has given every satisfaction in the discharge of his duties. He makes out money-orders, postal-notes, and the periodical official statements by using his feet. In the same way he applies the date stamps to letters with wonderful rapidity.

The man can also use a hammer, saw, and other carpenter's tools with his feet.

A Visit to Bonne Bay District BY STAFF-CAPT. MORRIS.

An Eventful Journey—Bride's Escort—Wedding Happily Consummated—Enrolment and Dedication.

Busy at the Provincial Headquarters? Oh, yes; submerged with work. Still duty's call had sounded loud, and the Chancellor boarded the cars for Bonne Bay. He was not alone. First a blushing bride for Bonne Bay's District Officer was in his care, and Capt. E. Mercer, the Principal of the Central School, found it convenient to have her ticket read "New Glasgow, N.S., via. Bonne Bay." Rather a long way round, still it is summer time; touring is in order now. Capt. Mercer is having a well-earned furlough.

Twenty-five hours travel bring "us three" to Bay of Islands. As usual, boat delayed. There were three whole days before the S.S. "Home" was ready to sail! Mr. Antonio Joseph greets us smilingly and tells us he will be gracious to us for \$1 a day each. We force a smile on our somewhat downcast countenances and follow across the track to the "hotel." Here we lodged. The experiences through which we passed are now to us a lingering memory, anything we may say but of a pleasant character.

Our steamer is delayed by the amount of freight she has to unload into the fishermen's dories at different ports. Were not our mission an important one, and were we not most anxious to reach our destination, our eyes would have fastened with greater relish on the lovely mountains as well as the foaming cascades which hurried down their sides to the sea.

The peaceful shore was a strong contrast to the turbulent scenes on board ship. Three young men, occupying the same cabin as the writer, who had been drinking intoxicants since they had left port, became violently drunk. A quarrel arose amongst them, and soon a fight. With garments torn and faces bleeding they were summoned on the quarter-deck before the Captain, who restored order. The poor drunken wretches began to cry like children—the demon drink had left them like helpless maniacs, in rags and penitence.

The night is passed, uncomfortably for us all, but the sky is sunlit at 4 a.m., and our boat steals into Bonne Bay Harbor. A more lovely scene cannot be imagined. Great hills in the foreground, and beyond mountains rearing over each other's shoulders, and away up in the blue sky the snow peaked their heads far inland, all robed in a beautiful transparent atmosphere. To the north the hills are bare, rugged, precipitous; but this morning the glorious sunshine made them lose half their desolate blackness. Oaks towered above us on every hand, over which poured cascades of melting snow and ice, thundering into deep chasms below.

Such a picture is perfected by the sight of several uniformed Salvationists scurrying along the roadway toward the wharf. Wireless telegraphy is not nearly as effective as smiles hot from the ship to the shore. There is Ensign Higdon, Capt. Grandy and Butler, and a comrade or two who have had little sleep the night before, wishing to be on hand to greet us.

During the day we paid a visit to the S. A. day school, which we found snugly hid away in the woods, for the convenience of the scholars. It is well-appointed and is a cheerful little building.

At night an eager and characteristic audience in the Army hall faces us, and we both give and receive inspiration.

The morning breaks pleasantly. The officers are good seamen. We have "a good time" to Rocky Harbor. Brothers Wight know how to handle their craft, and soon have their schooner round the shoals of the harbor. Rocky Harbor is pleasantly situated, with plenty of fresh water and timber, and a good rich black loam covering a subsoil of sand, well suited in every way for agricultural purposes.

In the afternoon we visit the Army's cemetery. The hall is conveniently located in the Harbor. Small, but spotlessly clean and cheerful. We forgot to mention the two hulls which challenged Capt. Mercer and the writer during the day! A woman with a high-sounding voice, and a good stick to give the former effect, soon centred the minds of the bulls elsewhere than on our red guernsey, red waist, and red hat-band.

At 5 p.m. the hall at Rocky Harbor is crowded with a whole-hearted, eager audience. The singing is superb. We have two hours of salvation sunshine, and get home to the hearts of the people some good shot.

"Tis here we would ever abide," but we sail before a friendly breeze back to Bonne Bay on the morning to conduct the wedding of Ensign Higdon and Lieut. B. Spencer.

During the afternoon Staff-Captain Morris and Capt. Grandy and Butler busy themselves making alterations to the platform. By 8 p.m. the people had assembled, and the bride party make their way to the front of the hall. Preliminaries are quickly dispensed with. The Staff-Captain enlivens the occasion with some spirited remarks. The ceremony is performed forthwith, and the "I wills" of the bride and bridegroom are clear and distinct. Capt. E. Mercer paid an excellent tribute to the life of the bride, and Capt. Grandy to the devotion of Ensign Higdon. Staff-Capt. Morris concluded

the ceremony by appropriate remarks relating to both.

An Enrolment

of two recruits immediately followed the marriage, and two splendid soldiers were added to the Bonne Bay corps.

"Us four" next morning started for Trout River. The wind swept our boat over the shining waters about half the distance, when we were becalmed. The long oars dragged heavily in the water and the sun scorched severely our unprotected hands and faces. The heavens looked heavy and copious showers of rain fell. We had been in the boat over eight hours when Trout River was reached. Our arrival caused considerable excitement amongst the fisher folk, who greeted us royally. A cup of tea, and we are in the full swing of a rousing meeting at the Army hall. The singing is excellent. The service throughout was of a very helpful character. After the meeting Staff-Capt. Morris dedicated "Norman Snook" assisted by Captains Mercer, Butler, and Grandy.

Happily on the morrow the wind is in our favor. We bid adieu to Capt. Butler, and with Bro. Barnes as skipper, made for Bonne Bay. Our bark rolls on the ocean like a shell. We cover six miles, then to our mortification there is a dead calm. We see the smoke of the S.S. "Home" in the distance, which we are anxious to catch at Bonne Bay. We each grasp an oar or the tiller, and work like trojans, and just reach Bonne Bay a moment or two before the steamer leaves the wharf. A hasty good-bye is said to our comrades, and we are bound for Bay of Islands with a better appreciation of the devotion of our brave officers and conquering soldiers in the Bonne Bay District.

The Eastern Provincial Picnic.

Among many good things looked forward to during Colonel and Mrs. Sharp's command of the Eastern Province is the annual picnic given by the Colonel to the city officers.

This year the Colonel's choice of location was "Red Head," about eight miles from the city. The weather was beautifully fine, and contributed very largely to the complete enjoyment of the party. Very early in the morning the comrades met at P. H. Q. and four teams took us to the grounds.

The Colonel is a great believer in encouraging healthy sport; baseball was freely indulged in, especially by the lads. Then there was the potato race, blind race, wheelbarrow race, etc. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp spared no effort to make the outing a pleasant one. The Colonel could be seen every little while going around either with a large pail of lemonade, a basket of bananas, or watermelon, to the comrades who were forgetting all else but their games.

Dinner and tea were served in most picnic fashion. Plenty of tasty edibles adorned the green grass, and by the way they disappeared one might have thought we hadn't eaten anything the day before.

After tea a few speeches were made. Ensign Cornish spoke on behalf of the Field Officers, thanking the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp and the Provincial Staff for their kindness in providing such a pleasant time. Adj. Brower represented the Men's Social, and Adj. Broster the Women's Social. Each expressed their best wishes for Colonel and Mrs. Sharp in future years.

Mrs. Sharp rose first to respond amid deafening shouts and hand-clapping. In the course of her talk a voice from among the company was heard, "Oh, that sounds too much like as if you will farewell before another year; say something else."

After some time the Colonel was allowed to speak. His face shone from the effects of the day's enjoy-

ment and the pleasure it gave him to work hard all day in order that every one else might be able to play. Many good things were said by the Colonel. The best way to repay him for any little kindness he had ever done was that we should live sober, and be true to the Yellow, Red, and Blue Society. A tug-of-war followed, and then down from the pack the baggage van. We arrived home at 11 p.m., as happy as larks in June.—B. B.



PLAIN PUDDINGS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

Golden Pudding.—Put a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs into a basin, and mix with these a quarter of a pound of suet, finely minced, a quarter of a pound of marmalade, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Stir well, and put in a mould or buttered basin. Cover with a floured cloth, and boil for two hours. When served it is to be turned out, and a little sifted sugar sprinkled over the top. To moisten the pudding, use a little milk.

Fig Pudding.—Required: Half a pound of suet or bread, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, and a pound of figs, one egg, three ounces of moist sugar. Method: Soak the bread in water till quite soft; squeeze it dry. Add the chopped suet, the sugar, the figs chopped quite small, and the beaten egg. Boil the pudding in a well-greased pudding basin for an hour and a half.

Treacle Pudding.—This is a wholesome as well as a pleasant-tasting pudding. Mince very finely three ounces of suet. Mix this with one and a half pounds of flour, and two teaspoonsful of baking powder, then add the other ingredients, which are three ounces of treacle, two ounces of moist sugar, and half an ounce of ginger. Boil in a cloth in a buttered basin for four hours. To have a baked treacle pudding, proceed as above, but instead of putting the mixture in a basin or cloth, spread it in a baking-dish (well greased) and bake it for an hour.

Victoria Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of tapioca, soak in a little water over night, then put it to boil in an enamelled saucepan with one pint of milk. Stir till it boils, then draw it to the side of the fire, and allow it to simmer till it is tender. Add an egg broken into a tureen; this prevents any risk of a bad egg getting in. Add this to the tapioca, also one tablespoonful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of marmalade. Mix all together, pour into a buttered pudding-dish, and bake in a slow oven for two hours.

Rice Pudding.—Required: Two ounces of rice, a pint of milk, sugar, and vanilla. Well wash the rice. Put one pint of milk on to boil. When it boils, sprinkle in the rice. Boil gently with the lid on till thick and creamy—it will probably take three-quarters of an hour. Then stir in one whole spoonful of sugar, and a few drops of vanilla if liked.

Sago Pudding.—Required: A pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sago, a tablespoonful of sugar, an egg. Stir the sago in the milk until it thickens, add the sugar and the egg well beaten; put in a pie-dish, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.—Social Gazette.



An Excellent Boomer—Mrs. Moore, of Riverdale.

lot, 87 of 'em in de list dis knock out de Montreal champion as many sales as dere be has not need from de Thistle Isles oh de Lily an' de Rosey braild, but Ise believe' into somebody yet, an' get ab-

I commend to your loving boomer. His sentiments am



Eastern Province

87 Boom

C.-C. LARGE, CHARLOTTE

Mrs. Capt. Hargroves, Halifax

Ensign Greenland, Sydney

Capt. Lee, Sydney

Lieut. McKervey, Moncton

Mrs. Adj. Carter, Glouce Bay

Lieut. Turner, Glouce Bay

Lieut. Sidra, Sydney Mines

Capt. F. White, Truro

Capt. Hargroves, Halifax

Mrs. Ensign Cornish, St. John

Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Halifax

Lieut. Andrews, Dartmouth

P. S. M. Cashin, Halifax

Sergeant J. Innes, Windsor

Capt. Murrough, Sackville

Capt. Snow, Woodstock

Minnie Beck, Kentville

Capt. Greenslade, Yarmouth

Lieut. Strothers, St. John

Lieut. Smith, St. John

George's, 85; Lieut. Hans

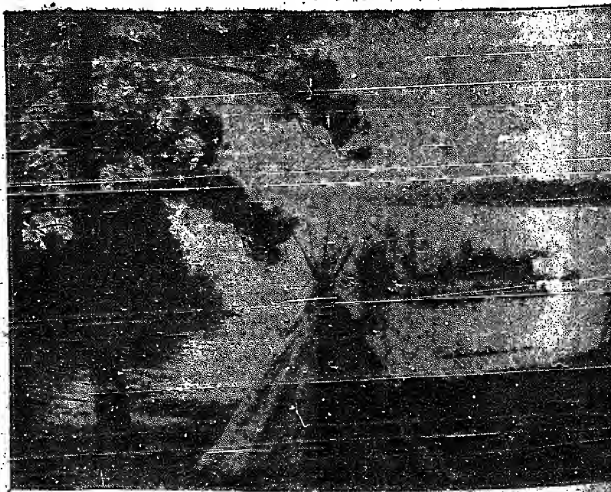
Capt. Reeves, New Glasgow

Frederickton, 80; Capt. Urqu

Stater Watts, St. John I. 7

11, 75; Lieut. McLachlan

Allen, North Sydney 75; En



Among the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay. (Courtesy of G. I.)

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

HOW TO LIVE HOLY.

Tune.—Oh, Where do You Journey, My Brother?

1 Some people I know don't live holy,
They battle with unconquered sin,
Not daring to consecrate fully,
Or they full salvation would win.
With malice they have constant trouble,
From fearing they long to be free;
At most things about them they grumble,
Praise God, this is not so with me.

Chorus.

I know of a Saviour from sin,
I know of a Saviour from sin,
Our Almighty Jesus is able
To keep even me without sin.

Some people are proud, some half-hearted,
With feelings of envy they fight,
From fashion they will not be parted,
Refusing to walk in the light.
Their bad tempers cause them much sorrow,
An up and down life theirs must be;
The Judgment Day fills them with horror,
Praise God, this is not so with me!

Some people are useless to Jesus,
The reason is easy to find,
They're fighters when everything pleases,
At other times hang on behind.
There are thousands I know join the doubters
While others backslide, I can see;
And some run away with the shouters,
Praise God, this is not so with me!

CONQUERING POWER.

Tunes.—Stella; or, Ye Banks and Bruce.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry,
And all my needs just now supply;
New power I want, and strength and light,
That I may conquer in the fight.
Oh, let me have, wherever I go,
The power to conquer every foe.

I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will,
And to the hopeless souls make known
The strength that dwells in Thee alone;
And then, wherever I may go,
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

Oh, make my life one blazing fire
Of pure and noble heart desire,
The lost to find, the low to raise,
And give them cause Thy name to praise;
Because, wherever I may go,
I show Thy power to every foe.

Let love be first, let love be last,
Its light o'er all my life to cast;
Come now, my Saviour, from above,
And deluge all my sins with love,
So that, wherever I may go,
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

DELUSIVE CHARMS.

Tune.—N.B.B. 13.

3 Begone, vain world!
Thou hast no charms for me;
My captive soul
Has long been held by thee;
I listened long
To thy vain song,
And thought thy music sweet,
And thus my soul
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

What are thy charms,
Could I command the whole?
Thy mingled sweets
Could never feed a soul.
A nobler prize
Attracts mine eyes,
Where trees immortal grow,
A fruitful land
Where milk and honey flow.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Tune.—Is My Name Written There.

4 Is your eyesight defective? Can you see things
aright?
Do you look on the dark side, or the side that is
bright?
Black belongs to hell's regions; of the dark side
beware;
Think of this truthful saying: "There's a bright
side somewhere."

Chorus.

There's a bright side somewhere,
There's a bright side somewhere,
Don't rest till you find it,
There's a bright side somewhere.

When rain falls from heaven, causing nature to bud,
Some folks start to grumble, saying, "This will
make mud."

The clouds hide the sunshine, yet the sun shines up
there,
And the rain makes the dust lie—there's a bright
side somewhere.

It's the way that you view things, just as sure as
you're born;
Some can look at the rose bud and can see but a
thorn,
While others see roses though prickles be there,
They will bloom in due season, there's a bright side
somewhere.

Do you see through the glass darkly? Does the old
world look blue?
Is your heart full of sorrow? Is God hidden from
you?
Although bees may sting you when you go to their
lair,
Won't the honey be sweeter? There's a bright side
somewhere.

FREEDOM FOR YOU.

Tune.—The Lion of Judah (N.B.B. 150).

5 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from your dream,
Believe, and the light and the glory shall stream.

Chorus.

For the conquering Saviour shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

The world will oppose you, and Satan will rage,
To hinder your coming they both will engage;
But Jesus your Saviour has conquered for you,
And He will assist you to conquer them too.

RIGHT-ABOUT FACE.

Tune.—Turn Ye (N.B.B. 129).

6 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come stretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

SOLO.

Bring Thy Burden.

Tune.—Why Have You Carried Burden?

7 Oh, why have you carried your burden
On your sad heart so long?
Oh, why not now bring it to Jesus,
He is so loving and strong?
His grace is availing, His love is untailing,
Will you not kneel just now at His cross?

Chorus.

You've carried your burden, you've carried it long;
Oh, bring it to Jesus, He's loving and strong;
He'll take it away and your sorrow shall cease,
He'll send you rejoicing with a heavenly peace.

The Saviour thy sorrow will lighten
By taking thy burden away;
He will thy spirit now brighten,
Turning thy night into day.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The next Training College Session will commence on September 18 in Toronto. It is earnestly desired that all intending Candidates for Officership will APPLY AT ONCE.

Twenty Male and Female Candidates are wanted to complete the number.

All accepted Candidates will be expected to enter the September Session. The Training College offers unequalled facilities to young people to prepare for a life work in the service of God.

Write at once to

James and Albert Streets,

THE COMMISSIONER,
Toronto.

Then with the dawning of heaven's bright
Thy soul shall walk in rest and peace.

When Jesus has taken thy burden
And your bond heart is free,
Then will you long to tell others
What you have proved Him to be;
Thy spirit with yearning in mercy then turning
Will speak to all of His saving power.

COMING EVENTS.

PROPOSED TOUR FOR Commissioner Railton.

TORONTO, Saturday, August 18.—7 a.m.,
Factory Meeting, also visits to the
Metropole, Farm, and Rescue Home.

THE TEMPLE, Sunday, August 19.—Meet-
ings at 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. will be con-
ducted by Commissioners Railton and
Coombs, supported by Colonels Jacobs
and Kyle, and the whole of the T. H. Q.
Staff.

TORONTO, Monday, August 20.—Officers'
Meeting at Toronto, and Public Gather-
ing at night.

WANTED!—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, To-
ronto, for young people who are qualified Short-
hands and Typists; also for improvers who have
not become thoroughly competent. Young people of
either sex, children of officers or soldiers, are at
liberty to apply. Write to

The Chief Secretary,
20 Albert St., Toronto.

A Handsome Offer.

S. A. TRADE COUPON FOR \$5.00
OR SAME AMOUNT IN CASH.

This splendid prize inducement is offered to
Soldiers and Officers alike, all over the Dominion
and Newfoundland, for each of the following:—

- 1.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS STORY.
- 2.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS ARTICLE.
- 3.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS SONG SET TO A
POPULAR TUNE.

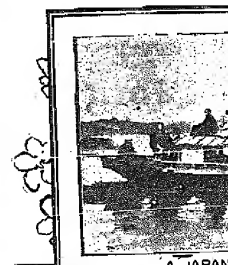
All competitions for the above should reach the
Editor by September 1st, and the decision, according
to merit, pronounced by Headquarters, will be final.
Scores of our writers should enter this competition
—the more the merrier.

PRAY, PONDER AND PRACTISE.

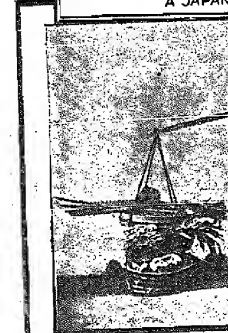
Then let us have your very best. Needless to say
the story must be true, and entirely your own com-
position, written on one side of the paper only.

THE WA AND OFF

22nd Year. No. 47.



A JAPAN



A JAPANESE



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